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The WAR CRY

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LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

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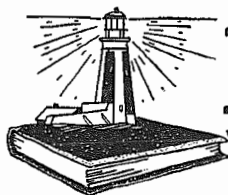
TORONTO 2, JULY 23rd, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner



Would-be Pilgrim to Zion: "Thought this was a short cut; but it doesn't take me far. Seems to me that, after all, I'll have to go the way the Guide Book directs."

(See page 12.)



Rays from the Lighthouse

"THY WORD IS A LAMP"

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given.

Any converted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the meal is finished, and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

Sunday, July 24th—Daniel 6:10-18.

Some one has defined prayer as "the going forth of the spirit of life to the Fountain of life for fullness and satisfaction." The Psalmist puts it more simply, "My soul thirsteth . . . for the Living God." Because this is what prayer meant to Daniel, he would rather have ceased living than ceased praying. Is prayer thus the breath of life to your soul?

Monday, July 25th—Daniel 6:19-28.

This is seen in h's stated times for prayer; in his God-glorifying life at court; in his fearless refusal to wrong his conscience at any cost. Such practical, obedient, courageous faith God never fails to honor.

"Do not fear to tread the Fiery Furnace,
Nor shrink the Lion's Den to share;
For the God of Daniel will deliver;
He will send His angels there."

Tuesday, July 26th—Daniel 7:1-14.

"Jesus, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die;
And still He makes it His abode;
As man, He fills the Throne of God.

"For Thine the power, the Kingdom
Thine;

All glory's due to Thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And Thine shall ever be!"

Wednesday, July 27th—Daniel 7:15-28.

Yesterday we read of the everlasting Kingdom given to the Son of Man. To-day, we learn that all who share with Him the fight against sin and the powers of darkness, shall share also H's final triumph and eternal reign. Does the foe seem mighty, the struggle long and severe?

"Press onward, press onward, a crown is in view,
And laurels of victory are waiting for you."

Thursday July 28th—Daniel 9:1-14.

Whilst many of h's countrymen in Babylon were absorbed in money-making, Daniel's mind was occupied with higher things. The seventy years' captivity, foretold by Jeremiah, was now drawing to a close, and he wanted his nation to be prepared for the return to its own land. In his beautiful prayer of confession and intercession, we get glimpses of the majesty, purity, and mercy of God.

Friday, July 29th—Daniel 9:15-27.

Note the blessed tenderness of God's love! In the midst of Daniel's agony of prayer the angel comes with a touch of comfort and a message of hope. At the beginning of his supplication, the Lord planned this relief for His servant. In the words "Thou art greatly beloved," Daniel is assured of God's care and approval.

Saturday, July 30th—Daniel 10:1-9.

Daniel's companions had fled terror-stricken. He alone was able to perceive what God was about to reveal, because by prayer and fasting, he had prepared his spirit to realize the unseen and eternal (vv. 2, 3). "The pure in heart shall see God." All who would know the mysteries of the Kingdom, (Luke 8:10) must, through prayer and self-denial, clear and strengthen their spiritual vision.

A FATAL FASCINATION

"LITTLE SINS GET IN AT THE WINDOW AND OPEN THE DOOR TO THE BIG HOUSE-BREAKERS"

WHEN once a young man has done a wrong thing, it has an awful power of attracting him and making him hunger to do it again. Every evil that I do may, indeed, for a moment create in me a revulsion of conscience, but stronger than that revulsion of conscience, it exercises a fascination over me which it is hard to resist.

It is a great deal easier to find a

The little sins get in at the windows and become big house-breakers. One smooths the path for the other.

All sin has an awful power of perpetuating and increasing itself. As the prophet says in his awful vision of the doleful creatures that make their sport in the desolate city, "None of them shall want her mate. The wild beasts of the desert shall



"Birds of a feather flock together"

man that has never done a wrong thing, than to find a man that has only done it once.

If the wall of the dyke is sound it will keep the water out, but if there is the tiniest hole in it, the water will pour in. So the evil that you do asserts its power over you; it has a fierce longing desire after you, and it gets you into its clutches.

Beware of the first evil, for as sure as you are living, the first step taken will make the second seem to become necessary. The first drop will be followed by a bigger second, and the second, at a shorter interval, by a more copious third, until the drops become a shower, and the shower becomes a deluge.

The course of evil is ever wider and deeper, and more tumultuous.

islands."

Every sin tells upon the character, and makes the repetition of itself more and more easy. "None is barren among them." And all sin is linked together in slimy tangle, like a seaweed, so that the man once caught in its oozy fingers is almost sure to drown.

It is poor policy to disregard a warning, because trouble will have to be taken to avoid the danger.

Carelessness is a poor substitute for peacefulness.

Successful small sacrifices may work more good in the world than one large one.

"MY FATHER'S

AT THE HELM!"

Black was the night and fierce the storm

The good ship labored sore,
And piteously to Heaven cried
The human freight she bore.
Fear and confusion stalked the deck,
And hope was falling fast;
One tender child alone lay calm
And listened to the blast.

And when they, wondering, asked him where
His confidence he found
While brave men's hearts were sinking low,
And anguish reigned around,
While every billow threatened loud
Their barque to overwhelm—
He smiled, and sweetly, simply said,
"My father's at the helm!"

O God! when we poor voyagers toss
On this wild, midnight sea,
When frenzied voices round us shriek
To tear our souls from Thee,
When trembling doubters point below
Into the deep abyss,
And tell us that the vessel's doomed—
Give us such faith as this!

And when on our own narrower life
Tempest and gloom descend,
When darkness shrouds our painful course,
And fears our spirit rend;

Through all the terrors which would
fain

Our quailing hearts o'erwhelm,
Teach us to say with perfect trust,
"Our Father's at the helm!"

PINE BOARDS OR

FOUL RIVER?

Which do you prefer?

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart sees cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a timber-yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river.

"How good the pine boards smell!" the lady remarked.

"Fine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied; "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

That was right; if we can carry this principle right through our lives we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face.

A BETTER BEAUTY

PARLOR

Do you wish to appear before the world sweet, beautiful? I judge you do because you use such large quantities of paint, powder, rouge, lipstick, crayon, cosmetics, electric needles, powder-puffs, marceles, peroxide, and the rest of the so-called beauty aids.

Here is a quicker, better, safer and more permanent make-up. "The Lord . . . will beautify the meek with Salvation."—Psalms 149:4.

Teachers in the best schools of expression tell us that nothing contributes so much to natural beauty, as the glow of happiness.

Happiness is distilled in the heart, and it glows in the eye.

Here is a harmless but perfect method of acquiring and retaining real beauty.

"Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."—Romans 14:22.

SINNER FRIEND!

JUST WHEN YOU ARE READY

To give up sin and wrongdoing, and trust God through the redeeming Blood of Christ to pardon your sins; then, and then only, can you experience a true change of heart. By this change of heart God makes it as easy and natural for a man to do right as before it was easy and natural to do evil. Though he will always be liable to temptation, and will have to fight the good fight all the way to heaven, the re-born man will be continually crying out to God for guidance and strength, which will always be forthcoming.

The man who belongs to God can ever be victorious over evil because he has not to depend upon his strength alone, but is allied to the infinite resources of Heaven.

"I AM THE MOST MISERABLE MAN IN THE CITY."

SORROWS OF A MAN OF MIRTH

Dramatic Confession of a Comedian to a War Cry Seller behind the Scenes

THE great crowd filling the theatre from floor to ceiling was in raptures. Thunderous applause, repeated again and again, filled the house in acknowledgment of a favorite comedian, who was just leaving the footlights for his dressing room.

Night after night he had appeared before the crowded house and his "turn" was always greeted with delight by the pleasure-seeking audience. His eyes danced with gaiety, his humorous songs set the place in a roar, his tongue was never at a loss for a word to set the whole house rocking with merriment.

This evening he had "brought down the house" repeatedly with his rollicking mirth, his witty grags and his comic songs. Again and again he had made his final bow and turned to the wings.

A man who night after night infects thousands of his fellows with his own gaiety would be supposed to feel happy himself. But this comedian was not happy.

To every one there comes a time when he sees himself in his true relationship with life. Stripped of make believe, of trimmings and

trappings, of those gaudy exteriors which so often deceive, one finds one's actual self. It was so in the case of this "rising star."

As he went off the stage and into the wings, while the crowd was yet vigorously applauding him, he ran full tilt into the arms of—a Salvationist! It was a Bandsman comrade who regularly visits the theatre with WAR CRY, and who is permitted by the manager to go behind the scenes among the artists with his papers.

The comedian gasped with surprise to find The Army uniform in such a place, and almost before he could recover himself, the manager was introducing the Salvationist to him. "This is my friend, a Salvationist," said the manager.

A smile of pleasure—professional pleasure, perhaps—came over the comedian's face as he held out his hand and warmly gripped that of the man in the Bandsman uniform. The smiling, sincerely happy face of The Army man seemed to arrest him. Here, surely, was the genuine thing—real happiness. This was no sham, no empty bubble, no manufactured joy.

For a moment he held the other's

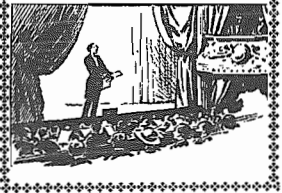
hand as if unwilling to disengage himself. How real this handgrip seemed compared with the perfunctory handshakes to which he was accustomed! Here was a grip which indicated genuine friendship, while the "God bless you" which accompanied it but served to emphasize the mockery of the popularity he was experiencing.

While still he held the Salvationist's hand, the "man of mirth" said with a sincerity which deeply affected our comrade and also the manager: "You can hear that applause. That is all for me; and yet I am the most miserable man in the city. I wish I were like you. Your happiness is of a lasting character, mine is but superficial!"

The true man had spoken. He hurried away, crestfallen, and a picture of disappointment; but before he escaped, the Salvationist dropped a word in his ears which one can but hope will, one day, lead to the casting aside of the mask of false "happiness" in favor of that peace and joy which "passeth understanding."

The sad "man of mirth" is not alone in the world; there are thousands of people wearing artificial smiles and affecting happiness whose hearts are full of gloom and despair. Are you one of the number? Does your face smile while your heart weeps? Do you have to confess, when you have left your so-called gay companions, and worldly amusements, and are alone, that you are an unhappy man? Are you troubled by a guilty conscience or are you seeking to satisfy your soul-thirst from the empty cisterns of the world? You will never do it.

There is only one true source of joy, and that is in possession of a conscience void of offence, of a heart cleansed from sin. Then will spring



up within you wells of joy that will never run dry.

UNDER THE TARPAULIN

Caught in a rainstorm in the open country, a comrade was offered by the driver of a passing wagon temporary shelter under the tarpaulin with which the vehicle was covered. As the rain increased in intensity the farmer himself was presently compelled to seek shelter with the Salvationist.

During the conversation, which covered a variety of subjects, the Salvationist, who had been watching his opportunity, said, "How about your soul?"

The farmer admitted that years before, when he was merely a laborer, he professed to be converted; but he had long since forgotten God, and gone in only for money-making.

A long, earnest talk followed, and before the rain stopped, the Salvationist in the semi-darkness of the covered wagon, led the farmer back to God. They met again on the same road a month later, and the farmer, whose face was shining with happiness, told our comrade that his wife and two daughters had also sought pardon.

Cowboy in the "Wild West"

GOES FOR HIS MAIL, AND HAS A SURPRISE

AMONG the novel methods adopted by a Salvationist to advance the claims of God was that of writing or printing texts on the envelopes of letters or on the outside of papers which he sent through the post to his friends. The following incident furnishes striking evidence of the effectiveness of his plan.

A man who declared he hated this comrade because of his out-and-out Salvationism and outspoken way, left the town and went to the "Wild West" as a cowboy. Before doing so, he arranged with an old woman who kept a store, to send him the local newspaper every week.

The woman could not write, so she asked our Salvationist comrade to address the wrappers for her. This he did, and on the back of the papers he wrote: "What think ye of Christ?"

Far away on the prairie, the man called at a certain place once a

month for his mail. On one occasion there were two months' papers and letters awaiting him. As he picked up each packet, he read again and

Are you "the most miserable man in the city," like the "man of mirth"?

Are you tired of life, and thinking of "ending it all," like the man who got the telephone number?

Are you trying to stifle the voice of conscience?

If you are, read the message at the foot of the opposite page.

again the arresting question and became conscience-smitten. On his way home across the prairie the words took hold of him with increasing effect until, when he had covered half the distance, he fell on his knees under the moonlit sky and cried to God for Salvation.

Judge of his astonishment when he subsequently learned that the writer of the messages was no other than the Salvationist he had so keenly despised.

SWALLOWED A MOUSE

But Knows Better Now

Before The Salvation Army got hold of "Owd Jack" he was a notorious poacher, drunkard, and gambler.

Once he was so hired up and was so desperately in need of a drink that he swallowed a dead mouse for a pot of beer. "I would have eaten a live one for that matter," he declared, "my throat was so parched."

One night he was swept into an Army Hall with a crowd of men and women following a "drunkards' raid" and with sixteen others claimed the power of God to deliver him from the curse of drink.

It was three years before he wore Army uniform, his reason being that before he did so he wanted to pay off every penny of his debts.

"Ring Off!

Wrong Number"

HE WAS GOING TO BLOW OUT HIS BRAINS, BUT —



LOUDLY rang the telephone bell in the Major's office. Picking up the receiver he heard a man's voice ask: "Is that you, Nell?"

"You're on the wrong number, sir. This is The Salvation Army."

"Salvation Army be —" "I thundered the voice. "Ring off!"

A moment later the bell rang again, and on the Major answering it, the same voice said: "Please excuse me, Salvation Army, for my language just now, but perhaps, after all, you can help me. I am in serious trouble. May I come and see you?"

"By all means. Come right round."

Having secured the necessary particulars, the engineer rang off, and within ten minutes was pouring into the Major's ear a tale of woe.

"Until recently I was a fairly prosperous man in the city," he said, "but I took to secret drinking and gambling—and I am ruined! My business I sold a few weeks ago without my wife's knowledge, and the money received for it also went to pay gambling debts. The only assets I possess in the world consist of my furniture; but even now the bailiffs may be in possession, for I owe another \$2,500 to the book-

makers."

It took the distressed man a long time to tell this story, and frequently he broke down. Having got so far with it, however, he paused again, as if bracing himself up for the climax, and then continued: "When I rang you up this morning I was going to tell my wife all about it, and then blow out my brains. But your voice and the words 'Salvation Army' stopped me, and here I am. What can I do?"

For a long time the two talked and planned, and finally they knelt in prayer, and the visitor sought forgiveness of God. They then went together to the home of the man, who, amid many tears, confessed his wrongdoings to his wife and offered to free her or do anything she wished to make amends for the past.

"Well," said the wife, when she had heard all; "I had better do as you have done and seek Salvation, and then we can start life afresh. I have enough money of my own to pay your remaining debts."

A few months afterwards husband and wife, now Salvation Army Soldiers, emigrated to Australia to build up a fresh business amid new surroundings, and in their turn are seeking to help their fellows.

THE MAN WHO

DID THE RIGHT

"There is a warrant out for my arrest for embezzlement," was the statement made to the Captain of the Corps by a well-dressed man who was kneeling one Sunday night at the mercy-seat.

All day he had attended the meetings, and it was only after a long fight against the convicting Spirit of God that he had surrendered.

"Do the right at any cost," was the Captain's advice. This wise counsel was accepted by the penitent, who at next morning, after a night's rest at the Officers' Quarters, surrendered to the police. He was subsequently sent to prison, and at the expiration of his term was met by the Officer who, at the request of the man's employer, from whom he had embezzled the money, had made arrangements for him to be sent out of the country to start life afresh.

He is now an enthusiastic Salvationist, and has long ago repaid to his employer every halfpenny of the money, the taking of which led to his undoing.

A Serial Story, Specially Written for the Canada East WAR CRY.

On Tramp for Jesus

The Pioneering Experiences of certain Salvation Army Bandsmen



CHAPTER IX Nature Lessons

IF YOU have not breathed the elixir of a Canadian Autumn morning you have missed one of the joys of life. On the particular morning upon which this story opens, a glorious breeze was blowing. Many-hued leaves were fluttering in thousands on the long white road, and whirling about as though in a mad-cap mood. It was a day upon which we be glad, when to quote the Bible poetry, the mountains and the hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the fields clap their hands.

The wind shifted a point or two. Then, above the sound of the breeze and other noises could be heard a weird rumbling like the distant on-coming of railway trains. It was the voice of Niagara.

Had Worked Hard and Long

Some of the members of the Band, whose chronicles we are writing, had slept the previous night with their windows open. In the still hush of the late evening they had heard the cry of the "Thunder of Waters."

It was a good arrangement of their Leader to give the Band the following morning off. They had worked hard and long. God had given them the hearts of the people, many of whom had been won. To see the world-famous Falls was a valued privilege and they were naturally elated at the prospect.

Some folks spend the best part of their lives in search of pleasure, and do not find it; others seek first to do right and walk the sometimes humdrum path of duty, prepared to make every sacrifice rather than turn aside at they find what the others miss. It was certainly so with our young comrades. If they had put pleasure before duty they might have remained at home, and, like many others, used their musical gifts for entertainment purpose instead of to get people converted. They had done what they felt to be right, and amid the wear and tear of the fight they were now reaping some of the pleasures of life, which are all the more enjoyable when they have been well-earned.

The Old Thunderer

As they rambled along the road "I good spirit" they were conscious that the sound of the Falls was louder, and it became increasingly so every step they took.

"I wonder who will catch the first glimpse of the Old Thunderer?" exclaimed somebody.

"It's straight ahead, so we ought to see it soon," answered another.

"I'll eat my cap if that's not His Noisy Majesty, and he's pulling all his stops out, too," said Straight, pointing to a distant splash of white on a level with the road.

"You're right!" cried several excitedly.

"Hush for the good old watering can!" shouted "Jonah," flinging his cap into the air.

"That Niagara?" exclaimed Rupert. "I expected to have my breath taken

away at the sight of it. If that's it, then I'm disappointed.

"Is that Niagara, sir?" asked Rupert, addressing a good-natured looking farmer who was driving by, and pointing in front of him.

"Yes," answered the farmer, cheerily. Then noting the rueful look upon his face, he said, "Wait a bit. When you get close to it you'll like it better."

Good Advice

"Thanks very much," answered Rupert, as the farmer drove on his way.

"I'm afraid I'm too ready to jump at conclusions," said Rupert to his comrades.

"So you are," said Straight. "Though I don't say your conclusions

are away at the sight of it. If that's it, then I'm disappointed.

"Fire away then," said Straight, keeping at a respectful distance.

"All things come to those who work."

"That's good," exclaimed a chorus of voices.

A Good Motto

"I'll go one better," said another. "All things come to those who work and wait. To my mind 'work and wait' is a better motto than 'wait a bit.'"

By this time the roar of the Falls was unmistakable, and the sight of the leaping waters, even at a distance, was a wonderful one.

"I'll call back my hasty remark," said Rupert, while he gazed upon the picture in front of him.

Presently they came within full sight of the Falls, and Rupert posi-



A most awe-inspiring spectacle

are not sometimes correct. Still, you might do worse than take the farmer's good advice, and 'wait a bit.' Some folks are always waiting, but it's not much in your line. Don't be in too big a hurry. Do you remember the words I quoted the other day on the cars, when you joked with me for my liking for old rhymes. Look out! I'm going to throw the old couplet at you:

"To act, to suffer, may be nobly great,
But nature's mightiest effort is to wait."

"I don't think much of that. Why it puts a premium on laziness," said Ernest Hardy.

"Nonsense. Don't listen to him, Rupert. All things come to those who wait."

"Why that's treason against hard work. Throw him over the fence you fellows," cried Hardy. There was a race and a scramble.

"I can improve on your last remark by altering just one word,"

tively panted while he tried to take in the sight before him. It was a most awe-inspiring spectacle. Niagara was at its best. Leaping, crashing, and roaring, millions upon millions of gallons of water were racing and boiling along the Upper Niagara River, which, of itself, with its banks and islets, covered with variegated foliage, tinged with autumnal tints, was a perfect dream of beauty. On came the leaping torrent, ready for the wild plunge.

A Feast for Eyes and Mind

Then, with a great solemn noise, over the precipice went the mighty flood in a manner that made Rupert and Ernest tremble while they looked from the giddy altitude at the wonderful spectacle beneath. They were astonished to notice that the waters below were almost calm, and that a little steamer, "The Maid of the Mist," moved within a few feet of the falling deluge. The steamer

was appropriately named, for it was almost enveloped in fine white mist, while far above were beautiful rainbows caused by the sun's rays striking the long curtains of floating spray.

"I suppose these are the Whirlpool Rapids above the Falls?" said one.

"No, that is a popular mistake," answered another. "The Rapids are a mile or so below the Falls. For some distance you will notice there is comparatively still water, the great body of which pours over the precipice, sinks, and comes to the surface a couple of miles below where the Whirlpool Rapids begin; a little lower is the Whirlpool itself, where you will remember a powerful swimmer met his end by trying to fight against the swift current. The lady who keeps the bazaar over there, where you will probably purchase a little memento, was the wife of the man who perished."

"A Lot of Lessons"

"Well, Rupert, what do you think of Niagara?" enquired Ernest Hardy of his companion.

Rupert's only reply was a look. It spoke more than many words.

"What a lot of jolly old lessons we are learning to-day," said Rupert, when he found his tongue.

"Perhaps you'll tell us what you have learnt?"

"I will," said Rupert, flinging himself on the grass, and pulling out his note-book. "Firstly, as the preacher says, I've learned not to be too hasty in my judgments, and picked up a common sense motto. Then the story of the swimmer suggests an idea for a platform talk, the lesson of which is 'Who can fight against God and win?' Then there's the thought that this great body of water is running on for ever and ever. It never stops."

"Yes, it does," began your pardon," interrupted Straight.

"When?" exclaimed several.

"Well," exclaimed Rupert excitedly, "that gives me another idea. To think of it, in place of all this activity—death. In place of all the power utilised to drive machinery many miles away—weakness. It is all so very wonderful."

Then Rupert began writing in his note-book another nature illustration to add to the many others which he had sketched for use in driving home spiritual lessons.

(To be continued)

RABBITS AND CAULIFLOWERS

While the meeting was in progress at a certain village Corps,

a rough looking laborer, some cauliflower under his arms, and sat himself on the back seat. As the meeting proceeded, conviction took hold of him, and later on those who were nearest to the man saw tears trickling down his cheeks.

Presently the Captain asked: "Is there anybody here who will seek Salvation?" whereupon the man with the cauliflowers and rabbits rose and made his way to the mercy-seat.

After the meeting, the convert said to the Officer: "Captain, I want you to go to a farmer's house with me. I trapped these two rabbits on his land, and stole these cauliflower from his garden."

Together they called on the farmer, who, after hearing the man's confession and the story of his conversion, gave him a few test and cauliflower, and handed the Captain a donation for the Corps funds.

IN WEST AFRICA

The Land of The Sacred Crocodile

By A. E. COPPING

WEST AFRICA is one of The Army's comparatively new Missionary fields. Our comrades have been working in the Gold Coast for four and a half years—one Army Territory comprising those two regions, which are separated by a sea voyage of sixteen hours by steamer.

And what progress, the reader will like to know, has so far been made? How does the Gospel of Jesus Christ, proclaimed in downright fashion and associated with a practical helping hand, appeal to West Africa's chocolate-colored natives, whose heathen superstitions have survived contact with European commerce and education?

No one is better able to answer these questions, and to supply a picture of actual Salvationist happenings, in equatorial Africa, than Brigadier E. Grimes, General Secretary of the Territory, who for some years has been a valuable conductor of Colonel G. Souter—the pioneer in Nigeria and now the West African Commander.

Converted Murderer

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said Brigadier Grimes, on being asked to unfold his experiences, "when a start was made at Lagos, the capital and chief port of Nigeria, many persons said The Army was unnecessary and unsuited to the conditions of the country. But among the first converts were young men who had caused considerable trouble, and their change of life made a marked impression.

One of these young men, whose name is Castano, came under Army influence when, with murder in his heart, he was hurrying through the streets of Lagos on an errand of vengeance. His face bore evidence of keen intelligence, a man likely to be acquainted with English; and so Colonel Souter, conducting an open-air meeting, was moved to press him into service as a translator. Behold the young man, almost in spite of himself, standing in a crowd and interpreting truths which, while new to his mind, proved wondrously acceptable to his heart!

"A few days later, at another Army meeting, he knelt at the penitential-form, and to-day he is the excellent Sergeant-Major of Lagos Corps.

The Field Enlarges

"Another early convert was Akanwandi, educated like Castano, and one of his friends. Officers from the West Indies were assisting the field at a meeting, and they bore eloquent witness that evil tendencies in their lives had given place to a happy realization of Holiness and security. 'If God can do that for them,' the thought came like a thunderclap to listening Akanwandi. 'He can do the same for me.' It was done. That young man is now Captain Akanwandi. And since I have mentioned that these young men could speak English, it may be well to explain that on the coast there are a large number of educated Africans who are lawyers, barristers, leading merchants, etc., besides sometimes being members of the Legislative Council.

"Having started The Army at Lagos and the adjoining town of Alhute Metta, the Colonel moved further afield, and to-day we are established in about thirty towns and



(Above): Paramount Chief Yaw Dodoo 5, with his family. He is a Salvation Army Soldier, and the "Articles of War" are hung in his palace. (Right): A Salvation Army Soldier

villages and have some seventy Officers, more than half natives. When, in January, 1923, Mrs. Grimes and I arrived in Lagos (succeeding Major Smith, who, with Mrs. Smith, had been compelled by health considerations to leave), we were welcomed by a Band of half a dozen instrumentalists, whose playing was exceptionally good for West Africa. To-day, however, at Lagos there is a fine combination of about thirty players, all with Army instruments—a combination which is largely due to the patience and toil of Captain da Costa, a young West Indian Officer who has done remarkably good service in the Territory. I may add that the authorities at Lagos have been most

about five miles from Lagos; the cost being borne by the Government, and the management being vested in The Army. The boys will be committed to our care, the Officer in charge of the institution being given parental authority."

"What boys are they?" the interviewer asked.

"Many of them," replied the Brigadier, "have left their homes up country and have walked the journey of perhaps fifty miles to Lagos. They would have no difficulty in supporting themselves on bananas and garry on the way. As for sleeping, you must realize that there is no furniture in the village huts, the entire family sleeping on mats on the

folk prove splendid Officers, full of missionary fervor. Our people daily visit the heathen compounds, where a great work is done. One Corps of Nigeria has over two hundred Soldiers and Recruits, of whom ninety-eight per cent have been won from heathendom. Most of the African natives have a conception of a great God (as though some knowledge had crept across the vast continent in the distant days of the captive children of Israel); but they suppose that He Himself cannot bother with men, and that He has, therefore, sent into the world a number of spirits to attend to the needs of humanity. Women, rather than men, believe in the existence and powers of these spirits. In the case of Ogun, concerned with the worship of the dead, the priests indulge in open masquerading, which the men wink at. On the anniversary of a death, a priest in a white sheet personates the departed, and the awe-stricken women provide for him a quantity of choice food, which is privily consumed by men of the household, assisted by the priests. Besides the god of the dead, there is the god of water, the god of iron, the god of stone, the god of small-pox, and plenty of others, all having their devotees, who render sacrifices to the priests. In the case of the sacred crocodiles, however, there are no priests. The sacrificial offerings—goats, fowls, etc.—are thrown direct to the reptiles, which in some cases are reputed to be very old, live in a state of great filthiness, it being apparently nobody's business to clean the enclosure from time to time.

"You Can Have the Children"

"With the spread of education, the young people are turning away from the superstitions of their parents. I happened to visit the town of Ife on the occasion of a heathen festival, in which only about half the people were taking part. 'Ten years ago,' the King's eldest son remarked to me, 'you would have found the entire town participating.' The Prince held aloof from the festival, though his father, because he was the King, felt bound to countenance it. Many elderly people, when spoken to about Christ and asked to abandon idolatry, pathetically reply, 'I am too old to change, but you can have my children.' Now that the people are letting go of their heathen superstitions it behooves us to be ready with a sufficient force to educate them in the truth, because on all hands there

(Continued on page 12)

SUCCESSFUL TRAIL-BLAZING

In response to urgent calls extending over a number of years, a party of pioneer Officers, mostly West Indians, commenced operations in Nigeria, in October, 1920, under Colonel Souter, the present leader. Although greeted in some directions with evidences of disfavor, and even of smouldering hostility, and notwithstanding many problems, including serious ill-health, they resolutely planted the Flag in Lagos, and soon made their presence felt farther afield. A steadily progressive work has since gone forward. The Gold Coast was opened in December, 1922, as a result of the devotion of a native who, hearing of The Army, came to London and offered himself for service. After training, he was commissioned and sent to his own country, where Army activities have since been spreading. Training work was begun in Lagos, in 1924, and Social Work, in the form of a Boys' Home, in 1925.

kind to us, and, because at present we have only a poor building of our own, they allow us the use, every Sunday, of the Glover Memorial Hall, a fine structure capable of seating five hundred persons."

Boys and Birchings

Asked if The Army had as yet felt its way to any Social Service Work in West Africa, Brigadier Grimes said:

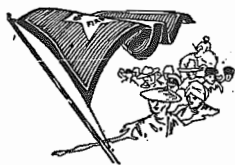
"Over twelve months ago a police magistrate sent for the Colonel and asked him if The Army could do anything for the small boys, from about seven to fourteen years old, who ran wild in the town and were brought into court on petty charges, notwithstanding the repeated birchings to which they were sentenced. We drew up a scheme, which was submitted to the Government, and finally approved. This scheme provided for the erection of a fine institution (to accommodate forty lads and capable of expansion) at Yaba,

ground, and a casual visitor, such as one of these young wanderers, can always find an odd corner on a mat. The Yaba institution, on a five-acre site, has already been built, and it is being opened at about the present date. We purpose training the boys in various trades, starting with carpentry. There is a strong demand for mechanics and artisans in the colony, for there is an unfortunate tendency for African youth, on becoming educated, to aspire towards clerkships and to despise manual employment. The Governments of the Gold Coast and of Sierra Leone are interested in the working of this new departure, for they each have the same boy problem awaiting solution."

Heathen Beliefs

Reverting to the Field Work, Brigadier Grimes went on:

"The natives make excellent Salvationists, and become imbued with the real Army spirit. Educated town



Under The Army Flag



IN THE BACK BUSH TOWNS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

FOUR MILES IN A BUCKET Amid the Snow-Capped Mountains of the Arctic Circle

Major Carruthers, Divisional Commander for Northern British Columbia, Canada West, recently paid his first visit to Cordova, Alaska, where eight months ago The Army opened a Corps. On the Sunday a service was held in the Federal Jail, and on Tuesday, the Major and the Commanding Officers entrained for Chitina, a small place in the interior of the country, and one hundred and thirty-two miles from Cordova. Here an illustrated address on The Army's work was given to a greatly interested audience.

The Major enjoyed an unusual and exciting experience at Kennecott. Here, the only mode of traveling to Bonanza Mine, four miles away, is by "aerial tramway." The copper ore is brought to the mill in huge buckets, and into one of these the Major climbed, his lantern and slides being placed in a bucket behind. Imagine oneself traveling in a bucket over the peaks of high mountains, crossing over canyons five hundred feet deep, looking down upon buildings below, which seem mere specks in the distance! The Major will tell any one that it is well worth the trip across the tempest-tossed Alaska Gulf to be able to ride in a bucket! A fine meeting was held with the one hundred men who worked the mine. Major Carruthers has the distinction of being the first Army Officer to cross in this fashion, and, incidentally, to be the second religious man to hold a meeting at Bonanza.

INTERNATIONAL BREVITIES

Yewande Towobola Ore Jones was the name of one who'd led during his recent visit to West Africa.

Sweden has 1,200 Corps Cadets. There are more than 2,000 Company Guards in the Territory. Two journals are published in Sweden for the Young People.

A small party of Officers unfurled The Army Flag at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in August, 1922. The event was hailed with satisfaction by people of almost all classes. Liberty to proclaim Salvation in the open-air was officially granted, of which privilege full advantage has since been taken. Subsequent years have been marked by steady progress.

An awakening at Halpanwilla Corps, Ceylon, resulted in seventy-seven persons being converted in one week.

Moratunmulla Young People's Hall, the first of its kind in Ceylon, has been opened by the Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Pralram Singh (Collyer). The Hall, which is well built and ventilated, is capable of accommodating three hundred people. Treasurer Joseph Fernando made The Army a gift of the land.

Among the many projects for improving the condition of the Criminal Tribesfolk in The Army Settlements in India is an annual Health and Baby Week. This was recently held at the Sitanagaram, Stuartpuram, and Pallavaram Settlements, and aroused keenest interest. The excellent condition of the babies made the judges' task most difficult.

500 MILES WITH SULKY, SALVATION AND SONG

SOME Corps in Western Australia have large boundaries covering many hundreds of miles, and during our command of such a Corps Mrs. Sinclair and I decided to visit all the out-back bush towns within a radius of five hundred miles. We stocked our sulky (a light two-wheeled carriage) with blankets and provisions, and set off at daybreak on a Saturday. At the end of forty miles we were given hospitality for the night at a farmhouse, where on the following morning we were permitted to hold a little meeting with

twenty this township and our next stopping-place our horse stumbled on the rough roads and overturned the sulky. However, we were soon able to get up and set things right again. A lady in a motor-car hailed us at the next place of civilization and invited us to stay with her for the Saturday night. As the minister had not arrived to conduct the Sunday's services, I took his place. After the evening service we held a rousing Open-air meeting.

At the next bush town we reached we did some house-to-house visiting, and at night conducted a meeting in which a number of children sought Salvation. For some days following we traveled through the bush and met no one until we came upon a little township right in the middle of the forest. Here we left the horse and traveled by a rake train (used to bring great logs of timber to the mill) to another town fifty miles distant!

Rang His Bell, but—

Here, despite a cinema-man's claim to the public hall on the Sunday, we were given first innings and held a Young People's meeting in the afternoon and a Salvation battle at night, when two seekers knelt at the penitential form. After the meeting, the cinema-man rang his bell to gather the people to his show, but they said, "We could not go to the



Commissioner Hoggard, recently appointed an International Traveling Commissioner, attached to I.H.Q. Staff

the family in the dining room. That meeting made a profound impression on the farmer.

We left the farmhouse the next day and reached an inland town on the following Saturday. The men had already knocked off work, and were busy gambling away their wages. Warned to be careful in approaching them, as they would represent religious talk, I began to play for the household, the mother gave old familiar songs on my concertina and quietly, slowly, those three hundred men broke up their "school," sat on the grass, and listened to song messages and some red-hot Salvation truth, for which they afterwards thanked us.

Had Contemplated Suicide

After another long drive we arrived tired and thirsty at a little township where a woman invited us to her home. Touched by my prayer for the household, the mother gave way to tears. This gave Mrs. Sinclair the opportunity for a spiritual talk, which resulted in the woman's conversion. She had contemplated suicide, but our unexpected visit had changed her outlook. I dealt with the husband who, too, sought Salvation.

Arriving at a bush mill township we arranged an Open-air meeting with the men after closing time, and in the presence of a large crowd a young man surrendered to God. Be-

pictures after such a meeting."

Early on the Monday morning we returned to the town where we had left the horse, and drove more than forty miles over a very rough track. Snakes and inguanas (a kind of lizard) were plentiful, and at one time a mob of thirty kangaroos passed us. At last we reached the farmhouse we sought, and here the farmer showed us a big boar which had that morning swallowed a large brown snake.

Our kind host also showed us a shorter route home, and we decided to risk it. It being a very hot day when we set out, and there being only one water-hole on the way, we provided ourselves with a tin of water, all of which the horse drank ten miles from the water-hole! We tied up the animal while we went in search of water, and to our immense relief came upon the remains of a blacks' camp and water-hole. Here we decided to camp.

Soon, dogs of all sizes and breeds appeared on the scene, and were followed by big and little black people, who were shouting and hopping and grinning from ear to ear. They asked many questions and wanted many things, such as soap and tobacco, but on being told that we belonged to The Salvation Army and wanted a collection (!) they scampered off. We called them back and gave them each a copy of THE WAR CRY, and I played to them on my concertina. Once more we set out, and after driving, arrived back in our Quarters praising God for His goodness.

Many towns had been entered and many meetings conducted. In one place I conducted the first religious meeting that had been held there for twenty-one years—Captain Sinclair, Southern Territory, Australia.

CONQUERING KENYA NINE SOLDIERS OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES SWORN-IN AS SALVATIONISTS

Just before the serious motor-car accident which rendered him "out of action," Lieut.-Commissioner Stevens conducted, in the new Central Hall, Nairobi, a Sunday's campaign, which was considered to have been "the best yet" in Kenya. Mr. and Mrs. Carr attended the meeting at the Commissioner's invitation and were delighted at the remarkable scenes they witnessed in the Hall, the erection of which was made possible largely through their generous gifts.

The day commenced with 125 persons at Knee-Drill; and at least 300 Salvationists took part in the first Open-air meeting. Indoors, forty-five new Soldiers were sworn-in, nine of them belonging to the King's African Rifles, and looking very smart in their military uniform. All received new names in addition to a copy of "The Articles of War," which they had previously signed. Of the forty-five, forty-three were men. Then followed the commissioning of a Corps Sergeant-Major and three Sergeants. The whole service was most dignified and impressive.

But nothing, perhaps, exceeded in interest the Self-Denial Altar Service. Something like 270 members of the congregation left their seats to bring their gifts to the front. A total of \$50.00 was given—a truly sacrificial amount from these new Converts to the cause of Christ.

More than 500 persons were present in the Hall, and in simple language the Commissioner urged the

unconverted to seek Salvation, and the converted to claim Full Salvation. There was an immediate response; twenty-two seekers knelt in penitence. In the afternoon another fine Open-air gathering was held, and indoors three other seekers had their needs supplied. "No night meetings are held here," says the Commissioner "in a private dispatch, "but Captain Tabor, the Commanding Officer, considers that this was his best day in Kenya, and I think we are all agreed on this."

YOUNG SOUTH AFRICA

Adjutant Allan, stationed at King William's town, South Africa, writes:

"Some time ago a little native girl came to our Quarters and asked for a dress, for she was wanting to go to school. We gave her one and she started to come to Day-School. Then she began to come to the Young People's meetings. After attending for some months, her mother began to attend the kraal meetings, and about six weeks ago became properly saved. She has put on the Christian dress, and very soon we expect to enrol her as a Soldier."

"Knowing that the Young People's Corps was in need of funds, a small boy at Bex Valley, South Africa, recently sold his pet doves and gave the proceeds to the Corps' funds."

THE CHIEF SECRETARY OPENS HIS NOTE BOOK

And Records some Interesting Impressions of the International Young People's Staff Council at Sunbury

AT ONE of the morning prayer gatherings held during the recent International Young People's Staff Council at Sunbury, an Officer read Isaiah's prophetic utterances regarding the bringing of the East and the gathering of the West.

Listening, in such company, to the utterances of that seer of long ago, one could in some faint way visualize the fulfilment of the Word. Here it was in miniature. Numerically it was not a great company which met and mingled under the roof-tree of Sunbury Court, but it was decidedly international, and probably unique,

ideals and characteristics—the Occident and the Orient meeting and being made one by force of circumstance, but being fused into a harmonious whole by reason of a unanimity of spirit and purpose. It was a Pentecostal blending, and to have passed through the experience of witnessing and sharing in the creation of an intimate, affectionate, and understanding comradeship is a memory worth cherishing.

Experiences of this type open up vistas to the vision of what could be, and surely shall be—a world-girdling brotherhood based on the knowledge of God, and acceptance of His will.

Naturally the keenest interest was focused on The Army Leaders. The General and Mrs. Booth gave generously both of time and labor in the interests of the Conference. Their utterances, weighted with wisdom born of rich experience, were listened to with an eagerness which must have proved a measure of reward for the sacrifices made. Certainly the delegates were deeply indebted.

From the welcome greetings to the closing scenes of the Session, the Leaders of The Army had manifested of the affectionate regard in which they are held.

The Lecture Room at Sunbury proved to be the centre where many hours of concentration were given to the consideration of things that matter. Twenty-six lectures—numbering among them not only the General and Mrs. Booth, but the Chief of the Staff and the International Secretaries, as well as many

other outstanding leaders—delivered over fifty lectures, each adding his quota to the all-important study of the subject, "The Young People's War."

Translation was a necessity. The situation was efficiently met by a system of table phones which enabled an Officer knowing English and the language of the listener to pass on, sentence by sentence, the speaker's message. Necessity is truly the mother of Invention.

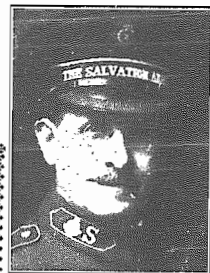
Prayers, conducted morning by morning by one or other of the Officers, were scenes of strange soul-movings. One listened to a prayer in English, another in German, followed by the supplication of some dark-skinned brother who fervently petitioned the Throne in his own vernacular. These, followed by a prayer chorus, when each sang in his mother tongue, provided such conditions that he would be slow-souled indeed who did not rejoice in so "Great a Salvation."

The Albert Hall Demonstration, the Mildmay Young People's Councils, the Alexandra Palace encampment for Life-Saving Scouts and Guards, were each remarkable as opportunities for observing what is being done among the Young People within Army borders in London and its environs. With tactful forethought, arrangements had been made for the delegates to attend the Provincial Young People's Councils which were being held throughout England. Here was the chance to come into close touch with The Army's youth in the Provinces.

The opportunity was not thrown away. The delegates returned to Sunbury extremely keen to compare notes on what had been seen and heard. The ability to compare is the basis of good judgment.

These contacts with the Young People were inspirational, especially as one remembered these were but samples of the thousands of British young manhood and womanhood who, brought under Army influence, have accepted our faith and made out ideals and practices theirs. They are a splendid body marching, breast-high, on to the battle-fields of life's campaigns.

The results which will accrue from



Colonel Robert Henry,
Chief Secretary

the Sunbury Councils (the largest and most important held since the fateful year, 1914) have to be worked out. That each delegate returns with more of the International Army spirit, a closer acquaintance with the under-girding principles upon which the world-wide Army is based, a clearer vision of what are her objectives and possibilities, and a more definite knowledge of how to lead onwards to these desirable achievements, is, I think, a foregone conclusion.

That the response to this fresh acquisition of experience will, on the part of Young People's Workers everywhere, be both general and genuine is assured.

THE OLDEST OFFICER

Commissioner William
Ridsdel (R)

William Ridsdel was born on September 30th, 1846, at Cotta, a little village in Yorkshire. At an early age he left home, and went into farm service, where liberty from parental restraint brought him into an acquaintance with wickedness of every description. One day he was persuaded to enter a chapel, and there the Spirit of God took hold of him. But he refused to yield, and as a consequence drifted farther from God.

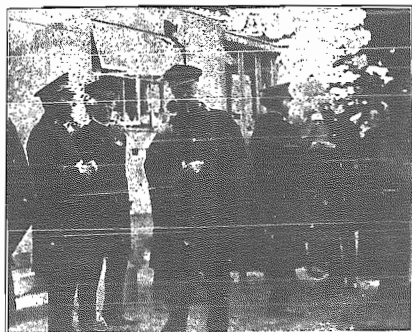
Moving to York with his parents, who had become converted, he was induced to go with them to chapel, where, after a tremendous struggle, he was born again.

Ultimately he became a local preacher, and worked earnestly for the Kingdom of God. One day he read in the "Christian Mission Magazine" of the great work which was being accomplished by the Christian Mission; and so impressed was he that, after praying over the matter, he journeyed to London to see the Rev. William Booth, the General Superintendent of the Mission, with the result that he immediately became a Christian Mission Evangelist. This was in 1873.

The Commissioner has commanded in all eleven Corps in the British Field. In 1881 he was appointed to the Staff as Divisional Officer, which appointment was followed by various other commands, both as Divisional and Provincial Officer. The Commissioner then crossed the seas as Territorial Leader for Sweden, which appointment was followed by the command of The Army's Work in South Africa, the Commandership of the Manchester Province (England), the Territorial Commandership of Norway, the Provincial Commandership of Scotland, and the Territorial Commandership of Holland, to which he was appointed in July, 1907. The Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdel relinquished their work in Holland at the end of 1914.

The Commissioner has been a tireless worker, and whether his appointment has been as a Field, Divisional, or Provincial Officer, or as a

(Continued on page 15)



An interesting group caught by the camera at Sunbury. The General in conversation with two Army veterans—Commissioners Ridsdel (extreme left), the oldest Officer in The Army in point of service (see col. 4), and Commissioner Carleton, who for many years held the position of Managing Director of The Salvation Army Assurance Society. Walking away from the camera will be seen Commissioner Mapp, while Commissioner Kitching is to his right.

in the history of nations.

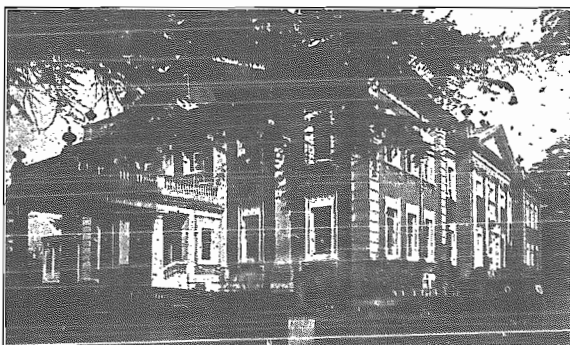
Here was a grouping of men and women from forty different countries and colonies, speaking twenty-four different languages, a true representation of a variety of national

MIGRATION SCHEMES

Commissioner Lamb meets
London Pressmen

A large number of press representatives gathered at Anderton's Hotel, London, recently, when Commissioner Lamb outlined The Army's scheme for chartering the White Star Liner Vedic to transport, in October next, 700 emigrants to Australia. The Commissioner prefaced his remarks on this particular venture by a convincing survey of the population question within the British Empire, and a lucid explanation of The Army's migration hopes and schemes. He re-stated with telling effect the Founder's charge to him when The Army's Migration Work began: "You must make The Army be to the third-class passenger what Thos. Cook is to the first-class," and showed The Army to be unique in that the same organization handled the selection, transport, settlement, and after-care of the migrants.

After the address, questions put by the pressmen were answered by the Commissioner.



Sunbury Court, The Salvation Army Staff Institute



Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner William Maxwell,
James and Albert Sts., Toronto 2.

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All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

Promotions:—

To be Ensign:

Captain Fred Hempstead, Sault Ste. Marie I.

Captain George Bowers, London II.

Captain Gladys Rogers, Hespeler.

Captain Roy Langford, Barrie.

Captain Ina London, Westville, N.S.

Captain Margaret Beaumont, Bridgetown, N.S.

Captain William Morrison, Ridgetown, Ont.

Captain L. Johnson, Toronto West D.H.Q.

Captain Thos. Hobbins, London Men's Social.

To be Captain:

Lieutenant Vincent Evenden, Toronto Men's Social.

Lieutenant Willis Pedlar, Saint John, N.B.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Lieut.-Commissioner.

“TO ALL RANKS”

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales responds to Birthday Greetings

On the occasion of the birthday of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the General sent the following message to the Prince at St. James's Palace:

“May God bestow every blessing of grace and Salvation upon your Royal Highness, and give you many happy returns of this memorable day. We of The Salvation Army pray for your happiness.”

His Royal Highness's reply was given as follows:

“The Prince of Wales sends sincere thanks to all ranks of The Salvation Army for their kind birthday message.”

SURPRISE ROYAL VISIT

H.R.H. Princess Louise Calls Unexpectedly at an Army Home

On a recent Thursday afternoon Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Duchesse of Argyll, accompanied by a Lady-in-waiting, paid an unexpected visit to an Army Home for Women and Infants in London.

This particular branch of Army activity makes an especial appeal to Her Royal Highness, who on more than one occasion has honored our Women's Social Institution with her presence.

No preparation had been made for the Royal visit, but the Princess was well satisfied with all that she saw in the Home.

Before leaving, Her Royal Highness took tea with the Matron.

THE MAGIC OF THE CHRIST STORY

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Spends an Active and Highly Influential Sunday at the Toronto Temple

As the lights of a great city seem to rivet one's attention even more than its noise and bustle, so the transparent attractiveness and impressiveness of Colonel Henry's message was the predominant impression which remained after his meetings

to the Church at Philadelphia: “Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.” He put in a strong plea for a faithful following of Christ in the path of self-denial and service, stating that the “holding fast” which wins the crown consists in making the will obey the conscience. He warned his attentive hearers against a mere formal religion, and both trenchantly and tenderly dealt with the tendency, in the religious life of to-day, to drift. His whole theme magnified Christ.

The Chief Secretary spent an

active day, for in addition to being present at the open-air engagements, he devoted the afternoon to the Young People. This meeting was an epoch in the history of the Young People's Corps. A Chief Secretary to themselves for a whole hour! It was almost too good to be true, and they showed the Colonel that they felt it. Free and genial, he swung into the meeting with an air of camaraderie. Adjutant Keith, during this meeting, taught the children a new chorus: “Just a little sunshine,” which went with a swing.

Colonel Henry told the Young People that The Army did not want just to amuse them but to bless them; it wants to make people happy. Talking about the source of happiness, he said: “You can't be happy while you are doing wrong,” and showed that Jesus alone could change

the heart and make us good. That these promising Young People appreciated the presence and message of the Chief Secretary to the full was very manifest.

At the evening meeting, Major Thompson led in prayer, and Staff-Captain Little, home on furlough from Jamaica, testified that “there is power in Blood.” His wife, known to many as Adjutant Scott, was also on the platform. The Band played very acceptably, “Songs of Exhortation,” and the Songsters rendered with feeling, “Shall you, shall I?”

Mrs. Colonel Henry spoke earnestly on the certainty of death for young and old, rich and poor, and emphasized the necessity for due preparation.

The Chief Secretary's address was based on the Psalmist's words: “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.” He spoke of transgression as “leaving God” and of sin as “missing the mark.” After making a scathing denunciation of sin, he made an earnest plea to the sinner to “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.” Several seekers came forward during the Prayer meeting, which brought to a close a day of earnest endeavor.

These are merely impressions of how the visit appealed to those of us of the “rank and file.” We left the building with a feeling of help received and of sweet comradeship with a powerful and loving man of God. We enjoyed every minute of this very notable day.—John H. Wilson, Corps Secretary.

The Commissioner has appointed Staff-Captain Noah Pitcher to be his Private Secretary in succession to Major Watkinson, the appointment to take effect some time towards the end of August. Major Watkinson's new appointment will be announced at a later date.

Furloughing Officers at present visiting Toronto from our Western sister Territory include: besides Lieutenant and Mrs. Rich, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele, Staff-Captain Edith Hansell, of Grace Hospital, and Adjutant Davies, of the Training Garrison. Welcome, comrades, and a bon voyage!

Captain Gordon MacGillivray, of the Immigration Department, has donated the white S's. Congratulations! We now refer to him as Ensign MacGillivray.

Four new Corps have recently augmented Canada's East's fast-growing Field forces: Georgetown, Ontario; Richmond Hill, Ontario; Lunenburg, Nova Scotia; Oxford, Nova Scotia. Richmond Hill has been opened for considerable time as an Outpost, and has been heard from frequently; the report of Georgetown's inaugural week-end will be read on page 12. We are hoping to hear from the Eastern openings in the near future.

Ensign Ruth Plant has been appointed as Home Officer at Montreal Receiving Home: Captain Florence Lewis to Toronto Receiving Home, and Captain Gertrude Pelkey, to London Children's Home.

The “Worried sister,” whose appeal for prayer on behalf of her bed-ridden and unweaned brother was contained in last week's representative, now writes to say that prayer has been answered with regard to his physical condition. He is out of danger and progressing. She still requests prayer on behalf of his spiritual condition.

Ensign Kirby, who previous to entering the International Training Garrison, was a Soldier at Brantford, has been assigned a portion of his furlough to South Africa in that city, renewing acquaintance with many old friends.

Commandant Trickey, Montreal, was the only representative, en deputation to Ottawa of Prisoners' Welfare Workers, who interviewed the Accountant-Minister of Justice, Honorable Lucien Cannon, with regard to extending clemency to prisoners during the Diamond Jubilee celebration.

In connection with Montreal's Self-Denial Effort, it is interesting to note that the majority of the five units were organized and manned by churches and other outside agencies.

THE WAR CRY

NEWFOUNDLAND'S FORTIETH!

An Auspicious Start to Congress Gatherings

THE COMMISSIONER

CONDUCTS HIGH-TIDE EVENTS IN ST. JOHN'S

63 Seekers in Opening Assemblies

The following message, cabled from St. John's, clearly indicates that Newfoundland's Fortieth Congress has opened in most promising manner, and that our comrades of the Sub-Territory are experiencing a high-tide of blessing. A full account of the various Congress events will appear in a later issue.

[By Wire]

The hearts of Newfoundland Salvationists have been greatly stirred by the phenomenal success of the Sub-Territory's Fortieth Annual Congress, conducted by Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell, who was assisted by Colonel Morehen and the Sub-Territorial Commander and Mrs. Moore. The public Reception, Welcome Demonstration, spectacular Parade, Holiness convention, battle for souls, and the Commissioner's lecture in the Majestic Theatre, over which Sir John R. Bennett presided, were all pregnant with earnestness, enthusiasm and faith. Record attendances were seen, and sixty-three seekers have so far been registered. Councils continuing.

—Major Tilley.

THE MAGIC OF THE CHRIST STORY

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

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ECLIPSES! SOLAR AND SPIRITUAL

THE GENERAL has something Significant to say on both

—Shadow-Makers and Joy-Breakers

"THE eclipse, General! Forty millions of people in these islands alone on the look-out for the great morning, as one newspaper phrases it—." For many hours that day the General had already been toiling 'n his home-workshop, some of the fruits of which—a thick batch of MSS.—he held in his hand. But his kindly-bent gate plainly said, "Go on!" and the interviewer hastened to complete his query:

"What are your thoughts about the eclipse?"

"That the moon, which is herself one of the heavenly bodies, giving her light by night and exercising a beneficent influence from month to month, becomes, for the time being, a mal'gn agent, an obstruction and a hindrance, intruding herself into a region to which she is alien, and thus preventing us receiving the light and heat that we so greatly need, and without which our poor little earth would quickly become a ball of ice, lost in the darkness of original night!" A momentary pause, and then—

"Have we not here a picture of the spiritual eclipse from which many people suffer? They allow something to intrude between themselves and God. Maybe it's a good thing, a useful thing, a loveable thing, a thing in itself right and true—and yet the cause of darkness and doubt!"

Intercepting the Light

"Yes, and it may by comparison be a very small thing. I see that the astronomers say that the light of the sun is five hundred thousand times greater than the light of the moon, and yet the moon is able to cut off into darkness and shadow that wonderful world of light. How often I have seen this—men and women walking in the Light of God, rejoicing in the glory of the Lord, and then something, not evil in itself, but separating in its effects, has intercepted the light, and cut off the joy. It may be money—position—wife—husband—children—lover—friend. There may be nothing wrong with them any more than with the dear old moon—(and the General smiled broadly)—"But if they get between us and the sun—the Sun of Righteousness—they become an obstruction—yes, even an abom'nation."

"That dictionary definition of an eclipse is good, is it not, General? The obscuration of the light of the sun or other body by the intervention of another heavenly body, either between 't and the eye, or between it and the source of its light." So that it is often the things that are nearest to us which cause these sad separations from the light?"

"Exactly! The moon is said to be some quarter of a million miles dis-

tant from the earth, but the sun is ninety-three million miles—that 's, taking a rough calculation, if we assume the distance of the sun to be four hundred miles, then the distance of the moon 's one mile and, by comparison, it is indeed 'of the earth, earthy.' And in matters of the spiritual life, is it not the 'earthy' things that come so often in our way? Is it not wisdom—'Set your affections on things above'—Don't build below the skies—Don't give place to the poor erections of lath and plaster—Walk in the light—'n the Light of God?"

was chilled, and looking at the thermometer as I returned, I was amazed to see that it had dropped seventeen degrees, while all around us seemed to shiver!

"Aga'n, is not this just what happens when we are separated from the Light of the World? And is not this the secret of the coldness in many souls and lives—cold testimonies, cold singing, cold prayers, cold love? Sometimes I hear people talking as if cold and heat were matters of their own manufacture. No, no! The secret is in the Sun. If His way is clear to reach us—if

care! He is our Sun, and His Light is the light that works by love.

"That is the great evil of spiritual eclipses—that when they obstruct the Light they weaken our love.

A Blue-sky Religion

Men are so prone to turn from the high to the low, and when His Light fails, our love and faith fail, and we begin to build upon the material and the natural 'instead of upon the spiritual. What a shadow-maker is this! What a manufactory of darkness is leaning on the arm of flesh—looking at the clouds!"

"I was glancing the other day at the life of one of the saints of old, and again and again there came that beautiful expression, 'I have not the shadow of a doubt'—as to the sanctifying grace, as to be- reavement, as to death itself. Over and over, a kind of refrain in all the vicissitudes of a busy life: 'I have not the shadow of a doubt!'—shadows prohibited—No obstructions allowed—eclipses forbidden—a blue-sky religion! Can you sing the old song:

Not a cloud doth arise
To darken the skies.
Or hide for one moment
My Lord from my eyes!

Hallelujah!"

With uplifted hand the General smothered an attempted question and continued:

"O u r Light never changes. Some of the astronomers assert that the sun 's burning itself out, that some day its light will surely be extinguished. What a darkness that would be! But our Sun is ever the same, and I again plead with WAR CRY readers that if there are any obstructions which now eclipse His glory and beauty and holy Fire—clear them out of the way! Make a free course for the Light!"

"I suppose it is one of the chief attractions of the Heavenly City that there will be no night there. In all the wonderful words and thoughts concerning the Light of God there is ever a suggestion, a hope, a kind of promise that some day there will be a final end of shadows—a time when all that is of the earth 'earthy' shall be done away, and we shall come into the immediate presence of the Sun of Righteousness and drink the healing from His wings."

The General was speaking for a moment as one who sees the invisible, looking radiant, as he concluded:

"That day will surely dawn. What joy to see Him as He is 'n His unclouded glory, to know Him as He knows us, and to meet Him face to face! What a hope!—Till the day break and the shadows flee away! Yes, praise the Lord, till the day break and the shadows flee away. Hallelujah!"—H. L. Taylor, Lieut.-Colonel.



A part of The Army's great "League of Nations."—A group of Life-Saving Guard and Scout Officers, who were numbered among the delegates to the recent International Young People's Staff Council at Sunbury, England.

Reading from left to right:—Standing: Adjutant Linderud, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Norway; Captain Larsen, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Denmark; Staff-Captain Calvert, "Life-Saving Scout and Guard" Editor, Emsigen Haines, Divisional Organizer, Germany; Brigadier Bernard Booth, Young People's Secretary for the British Territory; Major Bell, Life-Saving Guard Organizer, Great Britain; Adjutant Ellery, Life-Saving Guard Organizer, Canada East; Staff-Captain Price, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Great Britain; Commandant Kean, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Australia (Southern); Emsigen Nordqvist, Life-Saving Scout Organizer, Sweden; Adjutant Haggund, Life-Saving Guard Organizer, Sweden; Captain Petrus, Divisional Organizer, Germany. Sitting: Four representatives from Germany: Captain Rudolf, Staff-Captain Neddermeyer, Divisional Organizers, Brigadier E. Smith, Chief Superintendent, and Adjutant Bohme, Divisional Organizer.

"This eclipse is a kind of outrage on the sun. This miserable obstruction is an insult. We are all thinking of it in its effect on us; do not let us forget the affront that is offered to the king of light. And ought we not to view everything which comes between the soul and God as an outrage upon Him? We are apt to think of evil only as it affects ourselves, injures our own future, and imperils our own safety.

An Outrage on God

But it is all an outrage on Him—an offence against His majesty—an insult to His Holiness—a wounding of His love. Oh, come away!" (exclaimed the General passionately)—"Come away from evil! Come away from darkness! Let us be one with the Light!"

"There is also the sinister fall of the temperature, General."

"Ah, what a chilly thing is an eclipse of the sun! I remember the last time we had an experience somewhat similar to this present event, though not so prolonged. I was at home and at work in my study at Hadley Wood, when the light failed, and I went out to look at what I could find. Instantly I

there are no obstructions—if there are no hindrances to His will—in short, if we are in the right relation to the Sun, then we shall be warmed; then the spiritual temperature will be right, and 'n place of the cold testimonies, and hot singing, hot prayers, and burning love!"

"That is it—it is the obstructions that make the winter. This going about rubbing our cold powers, striving to catch a little heat from our comrades, and working-up some warm feelings 'n our hearts, will come to very little. What we need is the Sun!"

"And the darkness?"

"Yes, indeed, eclipses mean darkness—if not total darkness, at any rate shadows and gloom that are very pronounced. Here is the same lesson: We have no light in ourselves. The most we can say for ourselves at our very best is that we are a kind of lantern. It is He who plants His light in us! It is He, and He alone, who can dispel the darkness of unbelief and fear. He will do it—bless His holy Name! For He can make light in the darkest night! He can make gladness amid the deepest gloom of anxiety and



Our Musical Fraternity



BALANCE AND BLEND IN BAND

BAND AND BRIGADE CATH

The articles by Lieut.-Colonel Hawkes on "Balance and Blend," which have been appearing on this page during recent weeks, have been full of instruction and interest and should prove of inestimable value to the men of the brass. We hope to publish further articles from the Colonel's pen at a near date.

Band Correspondent Swain, of Adelaide, Australia, sends us the interesting information that his Band—the Band of the No. 1 Corps of the Territory—travels eleven hundred miles per week on Army service, and has done over five hundred years' hard service in the aggregate. He underlines the "week," and his writing is almost copperplate, so we are left to wonder how the 1,100 miles piled off. There are thirty-three men. That means roughly 34 miles each. Five journeys, say, to and from the Hall weekly (three on Sunday and two during the week) at roughly seven miles each journey, does it. That means the men live on an average three-and-a-half miles distance from the Hall. Perhaps our Canadian Bandmen would be interested in comparing their own figures.

A question is raised by a correspondent as to the correct reading of a dynamic indication in the Meditation "Angels," which appears in the Ordinary Series Journal which is just out. The point occurs in the last movement, where the final presentation of the theme appears. On the last note of the third phrase there is a crescendo to a fortissimo. Our correspondent asks whether the crescendo was intended to appear at the end of bar 14 of Section II, or on the first beat of bar 15. The correct way of playing the bars mentioned is to make the crescendo reach its climax (if) in the same bar to the following bars could not be justified. All that seems to be needed is a slight rise in the bar in question, then a subito drop at the beginning of the next bar for the piano commencement of the final phrase of the hymn tune.

Duycourt Band is scheduled to visit St. Thomas for the week-end July 29th to August 1st.

HOW TO IMPROVE BRIGADE SINGING

Songster Brigades occupy an important position and perform a very useful function in Salvation Army warfare, but, sometimes, I am afraid they come far short of the "possible."

Many of our Bands have now reached a high level of efficiency, but, comparatively speaking, the same cannot be said of a large number of Songster Brigades—here and there, a lack of good singing. How can this state of things be remedied? First, of course, by the securing of better-trained voices, but I do not want to dwell on this point, which is apparent. I would call attention to some of the flagrant faults in the singing of some Brigades and individuals, which if observed, would do much in the way of improvement.

Take, for instance, balance. How very seldom do we see or hear a Brigade with a proper balance of parts. Invariably, as I scan the photographs of Songster Brigades, I count the number of male and female voices; in some cases the proportion is six men to twenty women, eight or ten men to twenty-five women, and so on. The result is that, to be heard, the tenor and bass must sing *mf*, the treble and alto are singing *mf*. A correct balance would remedy this.

This brings me to my next point, which is *pp* singing. Many singers, when they attempt this, get out of tune, but this, with practice, can be avoided. Correct note production must be sought for. This is the secret: if once grasped the result would be surprising. Try singing high notes *pp*, and gradually, downwards, keeping the tones at the same force. Improvement in this matter will soon be both noticeable and pleasing.

(Continued at foot of col. 4)

WORK

By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. G. HAWKES

(Concluded)

Trombones

Although several kinds of trombones, other than the Bb tenor and G bass, are procurable, they are but very rarely met with. Without doubt, the Eb alto would prove a very useful addition by increasing the upward range of the trombone group, as would also the Eb bass in the

It is only rarely employed in the orchestra, and is by no means common in military bands, although there it would appear to be in its most natural sphere.

In recent years it has sprung into popularity in connection with "jazz" music, and it can hardly be claimed that its use in this connection tends to its elevation. Saxophones are very expensive and, because of their delicate mechanism, they need handling with great care.

Tenor Cors

As a practical proposition, the employment of tenor cors in brass bands is rendered much easier than in the case with some of the aforementioned instruments, by virtue of the fact that music suitable for their use is available; the parts issued for the tenor horn group are equally fitted for use by either kind of instrument.

The tone of the tenor cors is of a more mellow and velvety nature than the tenor horn, but the latter instrument has the advantage in weight and power—a very important point.

Because of the above-mentioned qualities, the tenor cors has won approval in some cases, and while the gain must be acknowledged, we think the loss in regard to tonal power should also be recognized. To do away entirely with the tenor horn, and substitute a complete set of tenor cors in their place, is not, in our opinion, a good plan, for in that case, particularly in robust music, the horn tone and parts are practically submerged.

Further, in such cases where the horns take off the melody for a period, the main theme may be overshadowed. After mature consideration, therefore, our advice is for the average Band to retain the tenor horn. For the very large Bands, where duplication is possible, it may prove an advantage to have a set of each, for the tenor cors tone is admirably suited for accompanying purposes.

(Concluded)

Saxophones

The saxophone is more widely used than either of the above specialities, but does not appear destined to take a permanent place in the brass band. Its tonal character is quite distinctive. In the opinion of many, it does not blend well with brass instruments played with a cup-shaped mouthpiece. Possibly no musical instrument has been the centre of so much controversy in this connection, for while it is treated contemptuously by some, there are others who hold it in high esteem. As to species, it is a kind of cross between the woodwind and the brass, for while it is made of brass, the sound-producing medium is made of wood, and the key-mechanism is similar to the flute or clarinet.

Thumb-Nail Sketches of the Masters.

NO. 6—BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN

Born 1770; died, 1827.

Beethoven's music shows over forty years of growth of a marvelous genius, from auspicious beginnings, through glorious struggles, to tragic grandeur.

At his twenty-sixth year appeared first signs of deafness, which became steadily worse until conversation with the deaf musician was possible only through the aid of note books. The creations of this period are the result of deeper reflection, and of purer and more personal inspiration. At his death, all Vienna followed his hearse, and all the world knew it had lost a Titan.

HAMILTON BAND AT ST. CATHARINES

The Hamilton No. 1 Band, accompanied by Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor and Adjutant Jones, visited St. Catharines for a recent week-end.

Entertained at dinner at the Welland Hotel by the St. Catharines Chamber of Commerce, the visiting Bandmen were extended a welcome to the city by Major Hugh M. Bell.

Following this, a delightful program was presented in front of the Welland Hotel and later on St. Paul Street, before the Band proceeded to the Citadel where a most enjoyable Festival was given to an appreciative audience.

Following the Sunday morning Open-air in the east end, the Holiness meeting was conducted by the Brigadier. His services the son of Bandmaster and Mrs. Adams was dedicated to God and The Salvation Army. Adjutant Jones, Commanding Officer of the Hamilton 1 Corps, gave an enlightening Bible address.

In the afternoon the Band, as the guests of the Canadian National Railway, went to Port Dalhousie, where it gave another pleasing program and was entertained to dinner by the railway management. The evening meeting was led by Brigadier Taylor, and a final gathering was held in Montebello Park.

(Continued from column 1)

Another point to watch is that of slurring. For example, the piece being sung has an interval of a third, say—E to C, or C to A, or vice versa; now, some singers touch on all the notes in between, producing the same result as that of a trombonist when he shifts from one position to another and continues blowing.

I listened recently to a good Brigade and it had some splendid sopranos in it (how I coveted them!) but, to my mind, the general effect was spoiled by slurring and shouting of the top notes.

Another deterrent to good singing is what might be termed the "mental effort." I am a strong believer in infusing expression and feeling into our singing, but I think this effort can and should be obtained without being sentimental. The words, every one of them, should be clearly attacked and released, and there should not be the running of one word into another. I do not wish to reiterate what I have read from other pens over and over again, but how beautiful it is to hear such as this: "Thou Yangel loveth the Lord encampeth," etc., and so on ad infinitum.—T.C.

BELLEVILLE VISITS TRENTON

Belleville Band, accompanied by Adjutant Boulton, the Corps Officer, recently campaigned at Trenton.

A large crowd gathered at the Saturday Open-air, where the Bandmen told the story of Jesus' love, in music and testimony.

Sunday was a busy day. In the morning three Open-airs were held prior to the Holiness meeting, which was full of blessing and help. During the afternoon the Bandmen played outside the homes of several lay comrades, after which they gave an excellent program indoors, over which M. T. D. Rushton presided. A final Open-air, which followed the salvation meeting, concluded the busy campaign.



Newfoundland News

SUB-TERRITORIAL
COMMANDER

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE

SPRINGDALE STREET,
ST. JOHN'S



News Gleanings

Two visitors arrived in Newfoundland, their homeland, on furlough recently — Mrs. Captain Noseworthy, with her two children, from Chicago, and her sister, Mrs. Captain Ellis, of Lippincott, Toronto. Welcome home, dear comrades.

A report to hand states that Captain G. Mercer lies very ill at her home in Bay Roberts. She was last stationed at the school at Humbermouth. Pray that God will graciously uphold our beloved comrade in this dark hour.

On Cabot Day, Captain Charles Butler is to take the Scouts to a Field Day to Belle Isle. A demonstration will afterwards be held in the Hall. It will be a red letter day for the Scouts!

GARNISH

Commandant and Mrs. Winsor

Our Corps is still in the firing line. During our special revival meetings we had the joy of helping thirty sinners into the Fountain. They came out new creatures, and we believe, in the future, they will make good fighting Soldiers.

At the request of the people of Frenchman's Cove, the Corps journeyed there for a Sunday Open-air meeting. The playing of our little Band was a great attraction to these people, many of whom very seldom see or hear The Salvation Army. Frenchman's Cove is two and one half miles from Garnish, and the folk here have a warm place in their hearts for The Army.

We recently spent a Sunday afternoon in marching and playing around Garnish, and held three short Open-air near some of the sick folk. One man who had not been able to attend meetings for many months was able to walk into the ring to give his testimony. The Young People's Work, under the leadership of Young People's Sergeant - Major George Legge, is doing well. This year we distributed over one hundred prizes to the Young People, and prospects are good for even better results in the future. The Home League sale was a great success.

BURIN

Adjutant and Mrs. Porter

There was joy in the hearts of four sinners on a recent Sunday night when the burden of their hearts rolled away at the foot of the Cross. Each convert afterwards gave a testimony and all voiced their determined desire to prove true and faithful.

The Army's School Inspector, Captain Brown, paid a visit to the Corps and spent some time with the company of over thirty registered children, under Lieutenant E. Rice. The work is progressing quite satisfactorily, and this fact speaks well for the teacher's faithful endeavors during the severe winter. The School opened in September last.

ENGLEE

Captain Greenham

On a recent Sunday night an inspiring time was experienced. We rejoiced to have again with us many comrades from whom we have been separated during the winter owing to their employment. We had also the joy of seeing our men and women kneel at the Cross for Salvation. God's Spirit is striving mightily with sinners and our faith is high for a break in the enemy's ranks.

An enrolment of two Senior Soldiers also took place during the evening. Praise God!

Sub-Territorial Commander

conducts

Inspiring Meetings on New Ground

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE, accompanied by Commandant Woodland, of Bishop's Falls, recently visited Botwood, and here was met by Ensign Elliot and Captain Rideout, the Corps Officers, who were delighted to meet the Colonel for the first time.

A vigorous Salvation meeting was conducted. Lieutenant Blackmore,

a forceful one. He emphasized the increasing need of more fervent prayer among God's people. Before the close, one seeker came to the Cross and God gave her the Blessing she sought.

The Hall at Botwood looked spick and span in a fresh coat of paint and with a newly shingled roof. The School has also been renovated.



Corner Brook Life-Saving Guards, under the leadership of Mrs. Commandant Earle, who is ably assisted by Captain T. Little. This Troop raised the splendid sum of \$71.00 in the recent Self-Denial Effort, a fact which speaks for itself. A number of the Guards were unable to be present when the photograph was taken.

from Peter's Arm, and Lieutenant Loveless, from Philip's Head, were present. The Colonel's address was

The following day, the visitors returned to Bishop's Falls where a grand welcome meeting had been

arranged for the Sub-Territorial Commander. In a few well chosen words, Mrs. Commandant Woodland, on behalf of the Soldiers and friends of the Corps, welcomed Lieut.-Colonel Moore, her expressions being heartily endorsed by the congregation.

There was much inspiration in the meeting, and our souls were greatly blessed. A supper was afterwards provided by the Home League in the Colonel's honor.

On Sunday the Sub-Territorial Commander put in a busy day. A mellow spirit prevailed in the morning meeting. Hearts were melted and tears flowed freely as Newfoundland's Leader spoke of the unfailing attention, "Holiness."

In the afternoon the Colonel gave a most interesting lecture on "People I have met," and at night a soul-stirring meeting was conducted in which powerful influences were at work. A large crowd gathered and listened to a message about which there was no uncertain sound. The Territorial Commander found opportunity to address the Young People during the day, and the coming Army will not soon forget his words.

A few statistics give some indication of Army activities at Bishop's Falls, and show that the Corps here is a force to be reckoned with. There are sixty-eight Soldiers, twenty-eight Home League Members, thirty-six Guards, one hundred and fifteen Young People on the Company Register and a brass Band. One hundred souls have been recorded during the past year; \$150.00 has been spent in improvements on property, while the 1927 Self-Denial result is the highest on record.

While at Bishop's Falls, the Colonel visited our retired comrades, Commandant and Mrs. Brown, whom he found well and happy.

From Bishop's Falls the Colonel journeyed to Grand Falls where he was met by Commandant and Mrs. Canning. A public Holiness meeting of a helpful character was held here. Sergeant-Major Blakey, of Horwood Corps, was present and took part.

BLACK ISLAND

Captain Ellis

On Sunday night a married couple came to the mercy-seat. A glorious time was experienced. In the testimony meeting the fire from Heaven fell and a man rushed to the penitential form. We finished up at midnight with shouts of victory. Praise the Lord! All the converts are doing fine. We are having an enrolment this month.

(Continued from col. 3)

vanity and worldliness should be foreign to those who take upon themselves the honor and privilege of wearing the Salvation Army uniform.

You should witness to your Salvation by your deportment. Do you conduct yourself among your workmates in a manner which becomes an embarrassment to the King of Glory? Do you hold yourself in the march so as to indicate your proud position as a Soldier of the Lord of Hosts? Do you act on The Army platform so as to impress people with the sacredness of your Soldiership?

You should witness by your conversation. The testimony given on the platform is often annulled by the conversation after the meeting. The exhortation from the Open-air ring is sometimes subverted by the daily sharing of unprofitable talk. The grudging word, the unkind insinuation, the impatient retort, do more than anything else to distort the image of Christ in His follower.

THE WAY TO WITNESS

Every Salvation Soldier should Read This

MOST people do not want to know how to "be religious," but they do desire to know how to escape from the power of sin in this life, and its consequences in the life to come.

Therefore, you, Salvation Soldier, should know not only the way to get salvation, but also how to witness to the possession of it.

An artist looking at a reproduction of one of his pictures in a newspaper was disappointed. Through the use of inferior machinery the expressions of faces in the picture were spoiled, and the failure to reproduce many of the details robbed the picture of its true spirit.

Often God must be disappointed as He looks on the picture of Himself as presented by some to whom he entrusted His image for reproduction. For, when you were converted God gave you His image that you might show it to the world. You must be careful that the image, as reproduced in your life is not distorted. You must take care of the details, counting none of them as unimportant, lest you should give to

others a false impression of Salvation.

You should witness to Salvation by the manner in which you do your work, and by the quality of the work you do.

The work of two men was recently being discussed. Of one it was said that his part of a job could always be detected by the perfect workmanship of the minutest detail; of the other, that shoddy, careless work on any job always indicated the portion he had contributed. It should be possible to trace faithful efforts after perfect workmanship in everything done by a Salvationist.

You should witness to your Salvation by the way in which you dress. This does not mean only the wearing of uniform. It is possible to wear uniform in a manner that witnesses to much that is not conformable to true Salvationism. On the other hand, many who are prevented by circumstances from wearing uniform, except in the form of some badge, proclaim by their apparel their separation from the world. The spirit of

(Continued at foot of col. 4)

IN WEST AFRICA

(Continued from page 5)

are Mohammedans, who are full of missionary zeal. After a native professes conversion, we put him through a three-months' course of special training before receiving him as a recruit. Three more months of preparation follow before Soldiership is reached."

A Typical Story

"May we hear a typical story of conversion from heathendom, showing spiritual experiences of the convert?"

"Yes. I'll tell you of an old lady whom our Officer found worshipping an image. He told her of Christ, and afterwards she attended Army Open-air, listening keenly, and finally knelt at the drum-head. She went home and told her husband, who was very angry; and when, later on, she wanted to be enrolled, he refused to allow it, pointing out that his wife had been deceived and would visit them with some grievous misfortune. In her distress and perplexity the converted woman consulted the Officer, who advised her to obey her husband and pray that a way out of the difficulty would be opened up. Nor was it long before her husband, being greatly impressed by her altered life, consented of his own accord to her enrolment in The Army. But the story does not end there. Nearly fifteen years before, her son had left home, and she had never ceased to yearn and pine to see him again. She had prayed and prayed for her husband's soul, and it was now she directed her almost heartbroken petition to the true God.

"One morning she looked up to behold the arrival of a fine, tall man, whom she joyfully recognized as her son. He was accompanied by a little boy, who proved to be her grandson. And this was the impressive thing her son said to her: For fourteen years and more he had had no thought of returning to his home, but lately an irresistible impulse had come over him to go and see his mother.

Thirty Miles to a Meeting

"Our converts have to stand a good deal of persecution. In Ede, three heathen lads of about fifteen, belonging to different families, decided to serve the Christ of whom The Army told them. Each was soundly thrashed by his parents, but continued to attend Army meetings. Then the parents put their heads together and decided to banish the lads to farm lands fifteen miles away. But, behold, the three resolute young believers walked to the town every Sunday, and, after attending the meeting, walked back again—a thirty-mile effort.

"Again the parents conferred. This time they decided to give each boy this option: to leave The Army, be turned out of the family, or an African boy to be parted from his mother is a specially severe trial; and one of the lads surrendered. The other two sorrowfully accepted their fate; and, since they were now cut off from all contact with their relatives, our Officers found employment and shelter for them. They go into the country and buy cocoa for a living. They are bright Salvationists, very happy, and looking forward to the time when they will become Officers. Almost every Sunday the other boy can be seen on the fringe of the Open-air, looking glum and disconsolate. He follows the march right up to the Hall. But he must not go in.

"The converted heathen are very keen. After getting Salvation as visitors somewhere, they will go back home and arrange to start The Army in their own villages. Recently, while at one place, to inaugurate operations, the Colonel was asked to go on to another place, where, to his surprise, he discovered a well-built Army Hall, Salvationists in uniform, an eager congregation, and everybody ready for a good start. And

(Continued at foot of column 4)

Amid Delightful Surroundings
Life-Saving Scouts in Camp

At Jackson's Point learn about real values and enjoy a profitable Sunday with

THE TERRITORIAL Y.P. SECRETARY

THE Life-Saving Scouts are having the time of their lives at Jackson's Point. From Revelle to "Lights out" the days are packed with delightful occupations. We use the adjective because all things—including the camp chorus—are regarded happily. Staff-Captain Spooner, the "Big Chief," is only rivalled for first place in all hearts by Adjutant Bunton, the Camp Superintendent. It would take a Solomon to say which of these two has precedence.

Thus far, apart from two rainy days, the weather has been ideal for camping purposes, and the boys are as brown as berries, as happy as Scouts can be, and know a good deal more about the real value of life than they did when they came to camp.

Sunday, to these vigorous Life-Savers, is as happy a day and certainly as profitable as any other day of their two-week period. Our correspondent describes the first Scout Sunday, which was conducted by the Territorial Young People's Secretary,

a great scampering of little feet as Adjutant Harpley's big family gathered around him and took their places in the Grove.

The ringing notes of a bugle were heard: "Fall in 'A,' fall in 'B,' fall in every Company," and the Scouts "fell in" smartly. A sharp word of command from Staff-Captain Spooner, and they marched to the Grove, headed by the camp Band and flags.

Furloughing Officers and visitors followed, and we were ready for an hour of worship in the cathedral of nature's own building. Under the shade of giant trees, and accompanied by the song of birds and the chirp of insects, worship was natural and delightful.

Colonel Adly, reminded us that the service was principally for the Young People, but we agreed with him that the tender grass which suits the lambs is also good for the sheep.

There was plenty of singing; then a word of testimony from a Scout Leader, a hymn tune by the Band, and the Colonel brought us a message from the Word. Oh! it was

The Guide Book's Directions
For Reaching the City of Zion

"They shall ask the way to Zion."—Jeremiah 50:5.
(See Frontispiece)

"Lord . . . how can we know the way?" Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."—John 14:6, 6.

"Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—Matthew 7:14.

"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise."—Proverbs 12:15.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs 14:12.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it . . . The redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isaiah 35:8-10.

on Sunday, July 10th:

A semi-circle of red-roofed cottages by a placid lake; green fields smiling up at a Summer sky; white tents glistening in dazzling sunshine; campers and visitors strolling about in friendly conversation; an atmosphere of rest and reverence everywhere: such was Jackson's Point Camp on Sunday.

The Camp bell sounded a clanging reminder that it was time to gather for the morning meeting.

A piercing whistle was heard in the Fresh-air section, and there was

good to be there.

In the afternoon the Scouts rendered a bright program, assisted by Staff-Captain Beer, and Adjutant and Mrs. Clark, of India.

The evening meeting was another season of happy and reverent worship. The Colonel's call to courage and spiritual heroism could not fail to render an appeal to the Young People present.

It was a day of sowing, for which we bespeak a bountiful harvest in years to come.

First Shots on a New Battleground

GEORGETOWN

Captain Hiltz, Lieutenant Clark. Everything was most conducive to a auspicious opening of the Toronto West Division's new Corps at Georgetown, Ontario. Brigadier Burrows, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Commandant White, and Captain Ellis, stationed at Burrows were all welcome visitors for the event. The opening had been well advertised, a splendid attendance being registered.

Brother Alexander Gregory, a faithful veteran of forty-two years' standing, also worked wonderfully well in this connection, distributing war-bills and placing a poster on an improvised billboard. Our comrade described the eighth of July—when The Army opened fire in Georgetown—on the happiest day of his life.

The attendance of comrades at the Open-air meeting, which preceded the inauguration proper, numbered twenty-four, the visitors from Toronto being

supplemented by Mrs. Commandant White, Mrs. Envy Dawson, and others from Guelph, and a quartette of Sisters from Brampton. The inside meeting was characterized by freedom and enthusiasm. Ninety adults and thirty young people were present. Staff-Captain Burrows rendered an inspiring address. Brigadier Burrows and then called upon the work in Guelph, and had much to do with introducing The Army to the neighboring District. The Lippincott Band rendered helpful service.

Captain Hiltz, the Commanding Officer, was introduced, and in a few words expressed the desires and hopes of both himself and the Lieutenant in relation to the immediate future. Lieutenant Clark, aided with good effect, and Brigadier gave an earnest exhortation. The Corps Officers are grateful for the good start given the new opening, and to all who took part, and trust that the endeavor thus endorsed by the practical corps will grow into that which will honor God and win lost souls.—C.W.H.

SONGS FOR SAINT
AND SINNER

Tune: "Ho Pardon'd a Rebel," 238.
I heard of a Saviour Whose love was so great,
That He laid down His life on the tree;
The thorns they were pierced on His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like me.

Chorus.

He pardoned a rebel like me, like me,
He pardoned a rebel like me, like me;
The thorns they were pierced on His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like me.

They tell me He wept over sinners one day,
Saying, "Oh, that your Saviour how oft would I gather you under My wing,
And pardon poor rebels like you."

Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard heart,
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee;
And I know, when I came, Thou didst not cast me out,
But didst pardon a rebel like me.

Tune: "Guide Me, Great Jehovah," 165.

Fly, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
There the purple stream doth flow;
There you'll find an open fountain,
That will wash you white as snow.
Oh, come quickly,
And its cleansing virtues know.

Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calvary repair;
There's the fountain for uncleaness,
And the worst is welcome there.
Christ invites you,
Now His pardoning love to share.

Richly flowed the crimson river,
When our great Redeemer died;
And that Blood will you deliver
Whosoever 'tis applied.
Free salvation
Flows from Jesus' wounded side.

(Continued from column 1)
constantly he receives pressing invitations from chiefs and other leading people to commence operations in their districts. It is not possible to express the number of the applications. Bow how encouraging it is to know that the people of West Africa are stretching out their hands to us in this way.

Gold Nugget as College Fee

"I must not close without saying something about the Gold Coast. How Hudson came to England five years ago with a gold nugget and asked to be trained as an Army Officer is well known. Following his return, a powerful Corps grew up in his town, Dueswa, and from that centre the Work has been growing ever since. The Army seems to appeal to the people of the Gold Coast even more than it appeals to the people of Nigeria. Converts carry Salvation from village to village, and The Army is spreading rapidly for many miles around Captain Hudson's central Corps. Several chiefs have become Salvationists and are full of fervor. One chief told me that his people had given him two crowns to wear, but he much preferred his Army cap.

Two months after Hudson started, Adjutant and Mrs. Roberts were sent to hold the Flag at Accra. In addition to the Corps, a large school has been started. Last year operations began in Secondee, the second town in importance. In the absence of a regular Hall, a cinema was used. From Secondee the Fire is spreading up the line and along the coast."

PASS THIS WAR CRY
OVER THE FENCE

Called
To Higher Service

**SISTER MRS. TOWNSEND,
HAMILTON V**

Sister Mrs. Townsend has answered the call to Higher Service. Our departed comrade had been laid aside for nearly two years. Her long and intense pain, which was until the last, subsided in a very clear and definite testimony that all was well with her soul. Coming to this country over twenty years ago, from Guernsey, Channel Islands, the late Mrs. Townsend settled in New Hamilton, and when in 1897 the Corps was opened, some four years ago, she, with her husband, Brother Thomas Townsend, and her daughter, Sister Mrs. Randall, were among the first to be enrolled. Her funeral service was controlled by Captain Rogers and Lieut. MacMillan at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Gill. The interment took place at Burkhills, where there was a large service, was conducted by the officers. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

**SISTER MRS. KNAPP,
INGERSOLL**

Death has claimed one of Ingersoll's pioneer Soldiers in the person of Sister Mrs. Sarah Knapp. Our comrade had been a Soldier of the Ingersoll Corps for over forty-two years. She lived to a ripe old age, and on the Sunday before her promotion to Glory attended both the morning and afternoon meetings. At the former gathering she gave a bright testimony to her preparedness for the Call of her Father when it came, and said she was "well packed up for the journey."

The funeral service was held in the Citadel and was attended by a large company of friends to pay honor to her memory. Brigadier Burton, who led, spoke very highly of the sterling Christian qualities of our departed comrade, and of the help and inspiration she gave to him. When stationed in England some twenty-seven years ago as an Officer young in experience. Commandant Wooleott, St. Thomas, and Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Cable each spoke of their happy associations with Mrs. Knapp and of her life. The Rev. Theophilus Williams, the cemetery, then proceeded to the service. The procession to the cemetery, led by the Band, made a deep impression upon the people. Brigadier Burton conducted the Committal service, and as they sang around the open grave, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," the Soldiers joined in a warm consecration to God for service.

On Sunday evening the Memorial service was conducted by Ensign Thompson. It was significant that at the commencement of the service no Young Sister should be enrolled as a Soldier under the Flag. Among the speakers were Mrs. Staff-Captain L. L. White, whose associations with the service were long and intimate; Mrs. J. W. Thompson, who had been in the early eighties; Mrs. Secretary Garland and Home League Secretary Mrs. Diggs, each of whom spoke of her promoted comrade's godly life and readiness for the Call. Mrs. Ensign Thompson seized the opportunity to give her earnest address of warning all to be true for the life hereafter.

**BROTHER HARRY RAYNOR,
HAMILTON, BERMUDA**

Brother Henry Raynor has gone to his eternal reward. At the beginning of the year our brother was stricken with paralysis, and for several weeks was a patient at King Edward Hospital. He recovered temporarily and was able to resume his work of carriage driving. At the

(Continued in column 4)

THE ROAR OF BATTLE

“With Sword and Shield we’ll take the Field, we’re not afraid to die”

SYDNEY
Captain and Mrs Everitt

Jubilee week-end services proved to be very helpful and interesting. In the afternoon, the Band supplied the music for the United Jubilee Celebration in the park. In the evening meeting the young people sang very acceptably. Appropriately music by the Band helped to make the day a success. The Singing Company is being organized, which we believe will be an asset to our Corps. Our Cradle Roll now numbers thirty-two members.

SUMMERSIDE
Lieutenants Beech and Hollingworth

We recently bade farewell to Captain and Mrs. Hamman. During their short stay we have been greatly blessed and believe our late leaders have been a blessing to all with whom they came in contact. We pray that God will continue to bless their efforts.

NEWMARKET
Captain and Mrs. E. Clarke

We enjoyed a splendid weekend on the occasion of the visit of Brigadier Burrows, Sergeant-Major Hales and the West Toronto Band, on June 18th and 19th, and we welcome many people who blessed the service. The Band, led by the Bandsmen motored to Bradford, one of our Outposts, where a bright Open-air was held, after which they returned to the barracks. The camp was crowded around the Open-air to hear the messages of the Gospel, and the music of the Band. The program, on Sunday, was a full one, followed by the Holiness union service. Many hearts were blessed. The sick folk of the town were not forgotten, for in the afternoon the Band rendered music to the inmates of the hospital. The service was a service, in which the Band particu-

ing a considerable stir. At the Open-air meeting which was held a large congregation of people gathered and listened to the singing of the hymns and songs. The Band then motored to Bleasheim, where His Worship Mayor Pegg was present to give a testimonial. A large number of people listened with keen interest to the program. On Sunday the hopes for a successful day were fully realized. Three Open-air meetings were conducted previous to the Holmes meeting. In the afternoon, in Government Park, the Mayor, Mr. Pegg, stood to, and expressed their appreciation of the music of the Band. At the conclusion of the program the Band was motored to Thamesville, where a community service was arranged. Hundreds of people gathered to hear His Worship Mayor Thompson, of Chatham, gave an interesting lecture upon the subject of "The Importance of Music." The Band furnished the music. The men worked hard to make the campaign

NORTH TORONTO

Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Barrett
We have said good-bye to Captains Dunkley and Chapman, and welcomed our new Officers into our midst. At a well attended and enthusiastic meeting, held on Thursday, July 21st, representatives of the Corps met with the new Officers and we intend, with them, to push the battle for continued victory. All branches of the Corps are in a healthy condition. Particularly is this noticeable among the young people of the Corps Cadets. The Cadet Open-air are our latest innovation.

WINDSOR BAND VISITS KINGSVILLE
Windsor I Band, comprised of fifty-four pieces, under Bandmaster G. Cobbet, visited Kingsville for Confederation Diamond Jubilee week-end. Arriving on



Brampton Home League, with Lieutenant Court, the Commanding Officer prior to the recent Field change. Sister Mrs. Simpson, the League Secretary, is the daughter of "Billy" McLeod, a notable converted prize-fighter, whose life story we hope to publish in serial form at an early date.

pated, which was arranged by the leading citizens of the town in connection with the decorating of graves. In the evening, a Salvation meeting was held in the Town Hall, and in spite of the rain, a goodly number gathered, and we believe by the blessing of God, hearts were stirred and many were impressed with the importance of deciding for Christ. We believe much good will be the result

Sunday afternoon, autos were ready to take the Band to Harrow, where they stirred the hearts of the people of Kingsville. The Open-Air combat band, Major Bristow. Arriving back at Kingsville, the Slaters had a splendid reception. The Band was welcomed by the Mayor, who presided over a musical program given on a lawn at the main square. The crowd was estimated at 5,000 people had gathered. Sunday was a day long to be remembered by the Kingsville people. The members of the Band marched through the streets playing soulful music which stirred the hearts of the people. The Mayor gave a very helpful Holiness meeting. In the afternoon the Band gave a musical program at the Kingsville High School. The part in a very impressive Jubilee service in which all denominations were invited to participate. The band played on the main street for an Open-Air, a whole block being roped off for the purpose. The Open-Air was a most notable program to a very large crowd. The Mayor again presided. In thanking the Band for their efforts, the Mayor said one of the greatest treats Kingsville had ever had. It is certain that a great number of people were made glad. A large number of people who came to the Band's influence during the week-

A SUNDAY AT BURWASH

Described by an Inmate

Sunday, July 3rd, was indeed a banner day for the inmates at the Industrial Farm, Burwash, where Major McElhiney, of Toronto, paid one of his frequent visits to this institution. Assisted by Commandant Miller, the Prison Chaplain, a special service was conducted for the inmates at Camp in the morning, where a good time was enjoyed by a large number of men. The message left a deep impression upon all present. In the afternoon a service was held in the school for the children, and many of the old and familiar as well as the new songs were sung and enjoyed by the goodly number present. But it remained for the evening service, at the main camp, to excel in enthusiasm, general joy and religious fervor. The large auditorium was filled to capacity. Then Commandant Miller commenced the service with a hymn which was followed by a prayer that appealed to the large congregation because of its beautiful simplicity and tender message of love. The Rev. Mr. Fairfull, Superintendent of the Prison Farm, then followed with a reading of a portion of the Scripture to which the men listened with rapt attention. Major McElhiney was the special friend throughout Ontario—delivering an interesting talk on the conversion of Saint Paul. As he talked to the unfortunates who temporarily inhabit this Ontario prison, and told of his thirty-one years of active Salvation Army service, during which time he had never known of anyone having lost anything because of a firm belief in God and His Word, one could not help but feel that everything but wholesome and holy, pure and good, was to be gained by instant obedience to the will and wishes of the Master.

The concluding song service was a genuine treat for the "boys," particularly when a Commandant Miller rendered very effectively a solo, accompanied by the well-trained choir composed of inmates, and of which the Commandant is the director. There followed two special numbers by the choir; then Major McElhenny brought the service to a close with prayer, and later sang, "Abide with me," accompanied by the choir. The singing of "God save the King," was in keeping with Canada's Diamond Jubilee, and brought a happy and not to be forgotten day to a close.—A.H.M.

(Continued from column 1)

last Soldiers' meeting he attended he said, "I shan't be with you long, but be faithful." The following Sunday afternoon he became unconscious and passed quietly away on Tuesday, June 14th.

Brother Raynor had been associated with The Army from its beginning in Hamilton and was one of the first Bandmen. In the newspaper account it was said, "Many could remember his stalwart figure, marching bravely along, playing his clarinet. He was very outspoken in his addresses, and his ideas were somewhat crude, but he had the courage to speak them boldly to the world."

He was a great believer in prayer, and in seasons of difficulty would often say, "I must get to my knees." The Funeral service was conducted by Commandant Gillingham, assisted by Rev. Dr. Bell of the A.M.E. Church. This was largely attended. The Band led the procession, and the remains of this warrior were laid to rest in The Army Plot.

On Sunday a very impressive Memorial service was held in the Citadel, several paying tribute to his consistent life.—R.G.

We Are Looking For You
POWERS, Earl Allen—Age 32 years; height 5 ft. 10 in.; red hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. When last heard of, was living in Port Hope. Should this meet the eye, please communicate with Colonel Morehen, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, 2.

GUELPH BAND AT RIDGETOWN
The Officers and band from Guelph arrived at Ridgetown on Saturday evening, July 2nd, after driving one hundred and fifty miles. An active week-end campaign began with the Band marching through the main street and creat-



The Realm of Home

SUMMER PESTS: How to Combat and Remedy Them



TOO MUCH "I"

"Don't Syndicate Your Sorrows"

The Apostle Paul does not say, "Don't look to your own affairs," but "Look also to those of others." When we see that other people labor just as faithfully as we at tasks differing from ours, we should not therefore abandon ours, but arrive at a more just—that is, a more modest—idea of our importance in the scheme of things as a whole.

To many people there applies the remark which Mr. Kipling, in a story of his, places on the lips of a naturalist: "My friend, you have too much I in your world."

When to such as these trials come, when disappointment, pain, and loss visit them, they bear themselves as though no one else had ever had to endure the like. In regard to our troubles and afflictions, however—and these are times of widespread affliction—true wisdom exhorts us not to look each to his own exclusively, but also to those of others.

Then in time we realize that after all we are not specially singled out, smitten of God and afflicted beyond the rest of men, but are one of an exceeding great army of fellow-sufferers. And in grasping that truth we are lifted out of our fruitless repining and rebellion into the fellowship of the Cross, into a tenderer sympathy with others.

SWEETEST THINGS

There's nothing so sweet
As a baby's mouth
And the baby's dimpled hand!
There's nothing so dear
As a baby's tear
When a smile comes creeping
after!

There's nothing so blue
As a baby's eye
For they hold the light
Of the soul's sunrise.

—Margaret Sangster.

Some of the men and women who walk most uprightly carry the weight of a grief they will never forget, but which does not bow them down. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as chastened, not killed; as dying, and behold they live!" It can be done by all who heed the invitation:

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

THE common insect pests of the Canadian woods are nearly all of the order Diptera or two-winged-flies. Those usually present in abundance are various species of mosquitoes of the genus *Aedes*; black-flies of the genus *Simulium*; midges, sand-flies, punkies or "bite-me-no-see-ums" of the genus *Ceratopogon*; "deer-flies," "moose-flies" or "dog-flies" of the genus *Chrysops* and horse-flies or "bull-dogs" of the genus *Tabanus*. Of these the black-flies and mosquitoes are usually by far the most numerous and annoying. The mouth parts of all these insects are somewhat alike and are arranged as a number of blades or spikes, loosely encased in the long, slender labium or lower lip, and forming an efficient piercing organ known as the proboscis.

This is thrust into the skin of the victim and blood rapidly withdrawn by means of suction. At the same time a quantity of a powerful irritant poison, secreted by the salivary glands, is discharged into the wound, causing the irritation and swelling usually resulting from such an insect's attack.

Various essential oils, applied to the skin, have been proven of great value in warding off attack. None that has yet been evolved is entirely effective, but the remedies given herewith have been successfully tried. The oils may seem a trifle unpleasant, but this discomfort is soon forgotten as one experiences the marked relief due to their application.

No. 1

Oil of Citronella, 3 oz.; Spirits of Camphor, 1 oz.; Oil of Tar, 1 oz.; Oil of Pennyroyal, ¼ oz.; Castor Oil, 4 to 6 oz. (Depending on the sensitiveness of the skin.)

No. 2

Dr. L. O. Howard, in "Remedies and Preventatives against Mosquitoes," gives the following as the most efficient protective mixture he has used:—

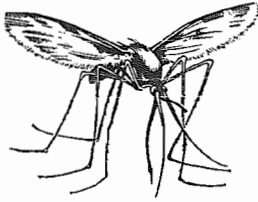
Oil of Citronella, 1 oz.; Spirits of Camphor, 1 oz.; Oil of Cedar, ¼ oz.

No. 3

Oil of Cassia, 1 oz.; Camphorated Oil, 2 oz.; Vaseline, 3 oz.

Remedies for Mosquito Bites

The most satisfactory remedial substances known to the writer, through personal experience, are household ammonia and tincture of iodine. Others recommend glycerin or alcohol. Doctor Howard states that he has found ordinary toilet soap most useful. This is moistened and rubbed gently over the puncture, after which the irritation passes away.



Here he is — the subtle and ruthless disturber of sweet repose!

TO DESTROY ANTS

To exterminate black ants, use camphor, or get cedar spray, cedar oil added to naphtha or gasoline. (Remember the latter must be used with great care, as it is inflammable.) Do not work near a fire or light, and air the place for hours to guard against accident.

Equal parts of powdered borax, camphor and cloves mixed and dusted about, is a good remedy for these small pests.

One tablespoon of honey to one-quarter teaspoon tartar emetic, mix thoroughly; put small quantities on pieces of cardboard and place where ants frequent. They may return; if so, repeat dose.

To rid the pantry of ants, mix cayenne pepper and borax, and dust it around the pantry shelves.

The Department of Agriculture recommends the following: Granulated sugar, 1 pound; water, 1 pint; arsenate of soda, 125 grains; concentrated lye, 1 ounce. Boil, strain and add a little honey. Put where ants have been seen.

A simple method for use in the home is: Saturate a sponge with syrup. Leave it where ants can reach it; when ants cover the sponge, throw it in boiling water.

Slice cucumber (raw) and put it on shelves and drawers where ants are found. They dislike the smell of the cucumber.

It is said that ants may be driven away by taking a handful of tansy leaves, breaking these and dropping them in boiling water; then dipping a brush in this and washing shelves wherever ants have been seen.

CALLLED FROM

THE KITCHEN

A Prayer and an Answer

Some years ago a servant girl was kneeling in her kitchen, asking God for guidance. She was a Salvationist starting out in life, so there was in her heart a deep desire to walk in the path that God had mapped out for her feet.

But what was the path? On the table lay a letter which she had written, and in which she applied for a situation, but even when she was in the act of going out to post it, the finger of conscience had pointed out another path, and now she is on her knees.

"Oh, direct me, Lord," she prays, "Whether You want me to go to domestic service or to the Training Garrison."

Even as the young Salvationist prayed, she got her answer. Someone in the next house began to play the piano, and upon the ears of the praying girl fell the strains of that sweet melody—

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on.

Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,
Anywhere He leads me I will follow on.

The letter on the table was never posted, and the young woman who received her call in the kitchen went

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 John 9:7.

to be trained as a Salvation Army Officer.

The career thus started has been undoubtedly a successful one; hundreds of sinners have turned from the evil of their ways and started to serve God, while the love and faith of comrades have been intensified and quickened by her ministry. Her call from the kitchen to the work has repeatedly encouraged and inspired her when confronted by difficulties, for she is assured of the reality of that call, and she knows that God, never calls His people to be failures.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

BAND AND BANDSMEN'S SUPPLIES:

Instruments, in Brass, or Silver Plated.
Instrument Cases.
Instrument Carrying Straps.
Lyres, brass or plated.
Mouthpieces.
Drums, Bass or Side.
Drum Straps.
Drum Ropes.
Drum Lugs.

Drum Heads.
Music. All Salvation Army Publications.
Music Covers.
Music Pouches.
Pouch Straps, 2 in. and 2½ in., white web, nickel-plated fittings, \$1.10 and \$1.50 each.
Tutors for all Instruments, 50c. each.
Uniforms, Band Trim, made to measure.
Uniform Band Caps, \$2.85 and \$4.00 each, post paid.

Now is a good time to place your order. Write for prices and full particulars of the above to

THE TRADE SECRETARY - - - 20 Albert Street, TORONTO 2, Ont.

COMING EVENTS

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Guelph, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.

BRIGADIER BURTON: London I, Thurs., July 21; Ingersoll, Sat.-Sun., July 22-24; Forest, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.

BRIGADIER KNIGHT: St. Stephen, Sat.-Sun., July 22-24.

MAJOR BRISTOW: Wheatley, Sat.-Sun., July 23-24.

MAJOR OWEN: Sydney, Sat.-Sun., July 23-24; Whitney Pier, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Lockport, N.S., July 24; Bridgewater, Thurs., Sun., July 28; Halifax I, Thurs., July 28; Shubenacadie, Sun., July 31.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: East Toronto, Sun., July 24; Tordmorden, Sun., July 31.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: Montreal VII, Sun., July 24.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Please communicate with Lieut.-Colonel Blairley, Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, regarding the undermentioned persons.

PATTERSON, Mrs. Johanna K. (nee Albertsen), in Veigle, Denmark, June 9th, 1874. Been in Canada some years. Last heard of in 1904. Please write to Montreal office for enquiry.

McKEOWN, Christian—Age 34; height 5 ft. 5 in., red hair, grey eyes, sandy complexion. Domestic servant. Came to Canada from Belfast about 16 years ago. Should this meet the eye, daughter enquire.

THOMSON, Mrs. Winnifred—Age 30 years. Height 5 ft., fair hair, blue eyes, pale complexion. Sister-in-law enquire.

BRITAIN, Grace and Mary—Left Scotland in 1894. Last heard of in 1904. At one time in a Home in Scotland, and sent to Canada without consent of mother.

BULPIN, Elizabeth May—Age 33; height 5 ft. 4 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; pale complexion. Sister-in-law. Last heard of in Halifax N.S. Mother is ill and anxious to hear from her daughter.

LEIGH, Mrs. Robert (Annie)—Married; two children; dark complexion; born in England; male. Last heard of in 1904. Missing since 1908. Sister enquire.

MELLON, Mrs.—Came to Canada about 17 years ago, and was in Dr. Barnardo's Home. Husband is a miner. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Sister anxious for news. 16824

Address, Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, marking "Enquire on the above."

ANDREWS, Josiah—Age 52 years, height 5 ft. 9 in., medium build, grey hair, curly complexion, grey eyes, clean shaven, Roman nose, fine teeth, points forefinger of right hand when talking. Any news will be gratefully received. 16829

GOLDSMITH, Thomas—Age about 60 to 65, tall, fair hair, native of London, England. When last heard of was staying at Queens' Hotel. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 16295

McNEILL, Wesley—Age about 57 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 125 lbs.; hair turning grey; black eyes; dark complexion. Is a commercial salesman. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious for news. 16541

WONE, William—Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of this man, kindly communicate. Sister in the Old Com. anxious to hear from him. He is age 48 years; height 5 ft. 2 in.; black hair; black eyes. When last heard of, he was living on Yonge Street, Toronto, 16515

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army, intending to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department.

The Resident Secretaries to whom communication should be made, are:

TO THE SECRETARY, at 1225 University St., Montreal, or to **Albert Street, Toronto 2,** 365 Ontario St., or to **171 Burydges St., Moncton, N.B.** 14 Beckwith Street, **Smith's Falls, Ont.** 408 Dundas St., **Woodstock, Ont.**

S. K. I. Rocket Has a Vision

Where Are We?—Ensign Nameless Has a Surprise—The Wire—Captain Timorous Changes his Mind—From Toronto to New York—Preparations in Press Room

THERE has been an upheaval this week. Things have been on the move. Yes, and folks have been on the move. The Field change has sent me nearly dizzy. The job of discovering just where we are is as bad as doing

A Jig-Saw Puzzle.

And not only am I trying to find exactly where we all are, but I am endeavoring to figure out where we shall be.

I find myself taking one name—Ensign Nameless—a vallant WAR CRY enthusiast, a go-ahead fellow who has a big vision, and who, until

place. "Why, that's the least we ought to do. Here, let's make a move right away. The CRY can preach where and when we can't. It's interesting message can get into corners of this city, and into homes we may never see. Let's send this wire right away."

And he seizes pen and paper and scribbles:

"WAR CRY, Toronto.

"Please double our order immediately"

And then I vision Captain Timorous. He has arrived at Sinville, where the people are goddess, and indifferent, and apparently have little

cakes when you know how. And our late Officer was a real enthusiast and showed us boomers just how to sell CRYs, and fired us with zeal by telling us of all the good done by the good old WAR CRY.

"If all who have been saved through reading the WAR CRY in the many countries where it is published, since it was published, if you understand what I mean, if they all, I say, were to form a line, linking hands, I reckon they would reach from Toronto to New York!"

"You begin to impress me, Sergeant."

"Then you'll agree to increase, Sir."

"I fear I must. I cannot take the responsibility of curtailing an effort which has such results. Let's send for that increase right away."

And so with such visions in mind we anxiously await those wires and letters from far-visited Commanding Officers announcing increases.

So let the machines whirl. Let the press room staff roll up their sleeves in anticipation of the great boom!

S.K.I. Rockit.

OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

CHAMPION—Montreal I 1,100
RUNNER-UP—Halifax I 850

GO-GETTERS

HAMILTON IV	450	SAINT JOHN I (N.B.)	385
RIVERDALE	600	ST. THOMAS	325
OTTAWA	565	HAMILTON III	315
SHUBENACIE I	550	SHRUBBORNE	315
MONCTON	525	KIPICHER	315
TIMMINS	500	LIPINCOTT	300
WINDSOR	475	SAVANNAH	300
YORKVILLE	415	BRANTFORD	300
KINGSTON	400		

DARE-ALLS

OSHAWA	300	ST. STEPHEN	225
PORT COLBORNE	290	ST. GEORGES (Bermuda)	225
HALIFAX II	285	PETERBORO	225
THRURO	285	TORONTO	225
WALKERVILLE	275	WOODSTOCK (ONT.)	210
FREDERICTON	265	OTTAWA III	210
NIAGARA FALLS	265	SUBURBY	210
HAMILTON (Bermuda)	265	NIGHT TOWN	200
KITCHENER	255	SAULT STE. MARIE I	200
LONDON I	250	MONTREAL VI	200
HAMILTON I	240	DANFORTH	200
SYDNEY	230	CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.	200
OHILLIA	230	YARMOUTH	200
MONTREAL II	225	ST. JOHN'S	200
ST. CATHARINES	225	CHATHAM (ONT.)	200
BARLS COURT	225	WINDSOR II	200
SAINT JOHN III	225	SAINT JOHN I (N.B.)	200
NEW GLASGOW	225	BRIDGEBURG	200
GALT	225	NORTH BAY	200
GLACE BAY	225		

HAPPY BUSTERS

200	ROYSTREE	155
180	COBOLURG	155
180	BROCKVILLE	150
180	OTTAWA II	150
170	WATERBURY	150
175	GRAND FALLS (Nfld.)	150
175	LEAMINGTON	150
170	WINDSOR I	150
170	FAIRBANK	150
170	SPRINGHILL, MINES	150
160	MONTREAL IV	150
165	LINDSAY	150
165	NEWCASTLE	150
155	WELLAND	150

a few days ago, was stationed at So-and-so, and is now at Albigthering. I vision him sizing up his new opportunity and incidentally investigating the WAR CRY sales.

"How many CRYs do we sell?" asks the Publications' Sergeant-Major.

"Two hundred and fifty," replies that worthy, his chest swelling with pride.

"Two hundred and fifty!" cries Ensign Nameless, "250—ONLY 250 CRYs!" He

Stares Incredulously

at the P.S.-M. Is this all you sell in this city of 50,000 inhabitants? Surely there's some mistake!"

The P.S.-M. shrinks visibly, and stammers something about: "Thought it quite good."

"Good! my dear fellow. It's only one for every 200 persons in the city. Now come! Surely we can get our White-winged Messenger of Salvation into the hands of at least one in every 100 persons in this needy

concern for anything but the things of to-day.

Captain Timorous

has surveyed his forces and things in general, and spying his P.S.-M., asks: "What's the CRY order?"

"Two hundred copies!"

"Two hundred! Oh! you don't really mean that! Two hundred for this little place!"

"Little place!"—The P.S.-M. doesn't look pleased.

"Well, I don't quite mean that, you know—I mean comparatively speaking, of course—compared with London or Paris, say—"

"Well, perhaps, yes; but we have 20,000 folks here and that means only one for every 100 persons—that's how I consider it. We were

just considering raising the order when our last Officer faredwell!"

"Raising the order! Gracious! Say, go-easy, my good fellow! How on earth should we dispose of them?"

"Easily enough. They go like hot

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or

my property, known as No..... in the City or Town of..... to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR, bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information apply to

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAURICE W. C. L. 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

ECLIPSES!—
SOLAR AND
SPIRITUAL.

(See page 9)

THE WAR CRY



SORROWS
OF A MAN
OF MIRTH.

(See page 3)

Official Gazette of
THE SALVATION ARMY in CANADA EAST, NEWFOUNDLAND and BERMUDA

No. 2232. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, JULY 23rd, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner.

WHO WOULD BANISH HELL?

HELL, the natural and logical culmination to a life of ungiven sin, is the final stage for all who reject the redemption of Jesus Christ. This awful truth must be viewed without bias. To that end let us eliminate from our thoughts the notion that Hell is a mere dogma; that 't is an illusion of a disordered mentality; or that it is a bogey invented to frighten simple-minded people. Let us, instead, face it as a stupendous Bible fact; it is proved by the evidence of human experience.

If we look about us we shall discover miniature hells, portrayals of the Hell of the future world. The smoke of torment ascends from the slums of our cities, from the jail, the gallows, the madhouse, the brothel, the lock hospital, the divorce court, the gamblers' rendezvous, the public house, the drunkard's hovel, the habitations of debauchery, the dwellings of demon-possessed people. Moreover, not alone from what may be considered vulgar sins, but in the fires of jealousy and hatred, of malice and pride, men and women burn.

Salvationists know that such hells exist, for they have visited many of them, and have seen men and women burning continually, yet unconsumed, constantly falling without striking bottom, waxing worse and worse. At times these people are full of pain and shame; they are often conscious that they are playing the fool—playing with fire—but, having become the sport of Satan's deceptions, they sink lower and lower.

Over the Cliff

What a picture is here! The man, the woman, made for the enjoyment of God, with 'infinite capacity for goodness, choosing only evil; drawn on and on, until they make the last fatal snatch, then violently dash over the cliff of life into the gruesome gulf of eternity. None but the blest in Heaven live a more keen or conscious existence than those millions of lost souls. One's heart is stirred to its utmost depths by the dread thought that Hell is all alive at this hour; that sinners are falling down the sides of the bottomless pit, and that death, so far from retarding, will accelerate their downward course.

Now take the Bible and what do we find? Hell is one of the primary facts contained in the inspired Scriptures. The Old Testament is studied with this great truth. But not alone the Old Testament. The greatest preacher of the New Testament proclaim it. Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, Peter, Paul, and others always set out the fact of eternal punishment before their hearers. They refer to it as "a place of torment," as "everlasting punishment," as "everlasting fire," as "a furnace of fire," as "a lake of fire," as the "bottomless pit," and so on. Surely we may not take up the unwarrantable position to think that the Saviour and the inspired Apostles told us untruths to frighten us! No, they gave us these terrible facts to warn us that we might escape the wrath to come.

"These Shall Go!"

The Bible explicitly shows us that the illumination of the Day of Judgment will be of such a vivid and penetrating brightness that every wicked thought, every evil deed, every hidden thing for which forgiveness has not been sought from God, will become so evident that the unrighteous will not need to be dragged away to their allotted punishment. It says, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." "Go," mark you, because they will see the flagrancy of their ingrate conduct in relation to the boundless mercies of God, their callous treatment of the

A Call for an Open Mind, an Open Eye, and an Open Book.

precious Blood of Christ, their despite to the Holy Spirit's strivings, and their hardening attitude against the dealings of Providence.

Seeing themselves as never before, they will view everlasting punishment as a just and holy verdict, recognizing that here is not arbitrary penalty meted out by an unfeeling sort of tyrant who takes pleasure in dealing with them thus, but accepting retribution as the self-executive-ness of their own ungodly doings, for the fires of Hell in which transgressors perish come immediately out of their wicked living. Oh, what a sad sight! The condemned turn away from the presence of God to begin the silent march to the land of mournful souls.

Likewise the Bible teaches that immortal man will cary with him into eternity his own mortal

character. What we sow here we shall reap hereafter. We pass to another abode, we go to other scenes, but we remain the same in essence. What a terrible prospect for the man who would rather have a Hell here than a Heaven!

Are there any people of that kind, you ask. We have known many such. A beautiful home has been opened to them, but they have turned from it.

A wise father's love, a mother's gentle patience, a brother's true friendship, and a sister's entreaties have been rudely thrust aside that they might go out into a hell of debauchery, to burn in the furnace of lust for weeks on end. At the wishes of their dear ones we have gone to search for them, and we have found them almost consumed in body, mind, and soul in the hell of their own choice.

With the Hell of the Bible brought before our very eyes by human experience, the death of Jesus Christ has a specific and real meaning; it shows from what we are saved. Calvary is the final and consummate revelation of the love of God. "God commended His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." For us, who by the law of sin were condemned to die; for us, that He might deliver us from the penalty of eternal death.

A Manifestation

A house is on fire in Toronto; some children are comfortably asleep in their bed at Oakville. Their father rushes into the bedroom, wakes the little ones and hurries them off to Toronto.

"Now, children," he says, "stand still; watch; I am going to give you a manifestation of my love to you," and straightaway he dashes into the burning house, rushes furiously from room to room, and at last emerges, scorched and exhausted. "This, children," he says, "is in demonstration of your father's love." The children would think it all very irrational on the part of their father. But if they had been in danger, all the world would understand his action and applaud. Where there is no danger, wherein is the demonstration? It is the real danger of Hell that makes the death of Jesus Christ stand out with such glorious and amazing significance! Is it not so?

Every incident in the matchless life, the suffering, and the death of our Redeemer is eloquent upon the theme of eternity. The sighs, the tears, the agony, and the bloody sweat of the Lord of Glory in Gethsemane are too awful to find explanation in anything this side of the moment when the angel shall declare "Time shall be no more."

How Vast His Humbling!

And when He stooped to the shame of the Cross—Oh, Son of God, how vast Thine humbling—the broken-hearted Victim, the veiled, tell of an Atonement too wondrous to have its blessings limited to the few years we spend on earth. But they also speak of a punishment too great to be compressed into anything less than eternity.

And our state in that Eternity will be decided by our relation to the crucified Jesus. If we reject Him, we are lost already, let our respectability be ever so high. If we accept Him we are saved, though our sins may have been as black as perdition.

"Come now, and let us reason together," saith the Lord: "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Prepare for Eternity by seeking God's pardon to-day.

A NEW KNOWLEDGE TEST

DO YOU KNOW—

A harmless, but perfect method of acquiring and retaining real beauty? (For answer, see page 2.)

A better thing than blowing out your brains? (See page 3.)

A way to talk without speaking? (See page 11.)

What the comedian said while the audience was "bringing down the roof"? (See page 3.)

What a man must do who finds himself in the plight of the man depicted in the cartoon on the front page? (See page 12.)

What the Bible says about everlasting punishment? (See this page.)

Anything about Eclipses? (See page 9.)

Over The Bridge of Salvation

Freud—twice!

During his usual visitation of a certain prison, an Army Officer came into contact with a young man, there for his first offence. He talked to him about his soul and experienced the joy of pointing him to the Saviour. The parents of the young man, influential and well known people, wrote expressing their grief at their boy's downfall and the desire that he should go abroad to start life afresh. Arrangements were made, and on his discharge he sailed for his new home. He was welcomed by a Salvation Army Officer at the port at which he landed. Writing some months later, the young man said that he was settled on a farm and as a converted man was determined to live for God.

Saved from Prison

A young man, while kneeling at the mercy-seat, told the Corps Officer that he had run away from home. Associating with bad companions, he had squandered his money and had got into debt. He was compelled to find a sum of money at an early date or go to prison. He was helped out of his difficulty and sent home.

His mother, father, and two sisters accompanied him to the meeting on the first Sunday night after his return, and knelt at the mercy-seat and found their son's Saviour.